

Sports Illustrated

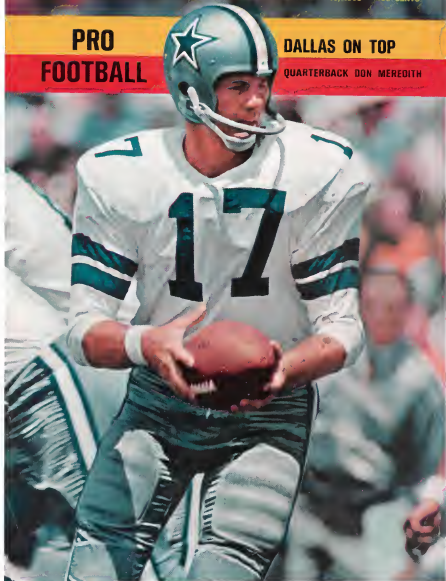
SEPTEMBER 16, 1968

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QUARTERBACK DON MEREDITH





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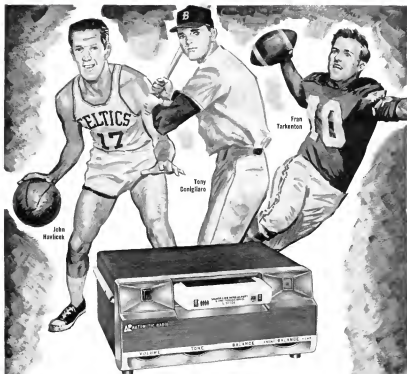
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Next week

PHONY GRASS gets its first outdoor test in big-time college football as Tennessee meets Georgia in an opener that will tell much about the SEC and tomorrow's playing fields.

OLYMPIC TRIALS pile on top of Olympic trials but the biggest one, track and field, takes place over a period of eight days at 7,365 feet near Lake Tahoe. John Underwood reports.

BOISTEROUS BUTCH van Breda Kolff is pro basketball's natural man. Jack Olson reports on the unique coach who this year faces a singular challenge—Wilt Chamberlain.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

When Elisabeth Krautier was a second-grader in Winnetka, Ill. she didn't play house with her friends or dream about growing up to become Miss America. Northwestern University was just down the road, in neighboring Evanston, and it had a terrible football team at the time. Libby's dream was to become the Wildcats' star quarterback for a couple of seasons before heading south to float down the upper Amazon in a dugout canoe. Actually, Libby realized her second dream (or a reasonable facsimile of it) first. She discovered fishing and in time became a regular Danielle Boone (fishing, hunting, camping and white-water canoeing). When she accepted the fact that Dream No. 1 was beyond her reach, she switched her football loyalty to a team that al-



THE TOTAL RESULTS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

ready was a success—the Green Bay Packers.

All this is in the way of explaining how petite, dark-haired Libby Krautter came to be **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's** No. 1 football researcher. Miss Krautter is no dilettante. She is an all-out, glassy-eyed, walking-record-book, August-through-January football nut. Her job is twofold: 1) to supply information—immediate or recondite—to our writers, and 2) to guard them, and us, against factual fumbles. The pro football preview (page 36) is at once the most rewarding and frustrating job of the year for her; after it goes to press

Libby is faced with a few bleak days in which she can only wring her hands over late injuries and roster changes.

Checking pro football copy is not, in any case, a job for those hooked on such time-consuming habits as sleep. Our weekly deadline is Sunday night, and sometimes game copy doesn't reach our office until nearly midnight. On a normal Sunday, Libby will get home by 4, though her record is 7 a.m. Monday morning. She is not, however, superhuman, and has been known to sneak under her desk on Sunday nights for an hour or two of sleep. Once she even grabbed a few winks while sitting on top of a radiator.

Libby applied for a job with **SECRETS ILLUSTRATED** in the fall of 1966. While she was waiting for a decision she drove from Winnetka to northern Wisconsin to try out a new kayak she had bought. In her first few hours on the Wolf River the kayak tipped over three times, but Libby paddled the day through, camped out that night and awoke in the morning with icicles in her hair. She needed no further excuse to drive to a nearby bar where she watched her Packers beat the Lions on television.

We hired her and she came to New York. "I wouldn't have moved to this frantic, dirty city for any other job," she says, "but here I am adjusting." Adjusting means finding ways to beat the environment. There are no roaring rivers, northern pike or upland game birds in New York, but Central Park does have a nice running track, and Libby is out there three days a week doing her latest thing. "It's just to let off steam," she says. "Not for health or any other reason."

And, of course, there is always football. Last month, in a preseason warm-up touch football game on the beach at Fire Island, she scored two touchdowns on end runs. Interested, Northwestern? Libby still has three years of NCAA eligibility.

Sports Illustrate

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Jim Beam Bourbon has that "case."

The whole matter started with Jacob Beam—who would be 200 years old this year—and a secret he discovered.

The secret, in the case of Jim Beam Bourbon, goes back to 1795, and it is still hush-hush today. The secret lay in the heart of Kentucky where there was, and is today, the right combination for pleasure. The right land. The right climate; the perfect Bourbon formula.

In north central Kentucky, Jacob Beam found clean iron-free water—water that came from limestone springs considered the very finest. Beam set out to make Bourbon in this rolling country; and he added his own special ingredient: pride.

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The pride of this first Beam

distiller has been carried through six generations, now. Every glass of today's Beam Bourbon holds the best from nature and the pride that was passed on from Jacob to David to David M. to Colonel James to T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years.

All those Beams have rested their case on Bourbon that's worthy of your trust.

And it's still a big secret.

Russians claim credit for Beam formula

WASHINGTON—Word from the Kremlin today has started the Bourbon-making world. Unreliable sources from Moscow state that Bourbon is not an American spirit but, in fact, a Russian one.

Bourbon, of course, is considered the only true American spirit. And the world's finest Bourbon was first distilled back in 1795 by a Jacob Beam.

Not so say the Russians. They insist that Bourbon was actually discovered 10 years earlier by Ivan Chekkakoff in a little town called Vladivostok.

They further state that the famous Beam formula is nothing more than a copy of the Chekkakoff stuff.

However, they did admit they have been importing substantial amounts of clear, iron-free water from limestone springs in north central Kentucky.

Idle Boast?

American sources declined to comment except to say that Bourbon will probably be on the moon 10 years before vodka will.

Beam bottle featured in jug band concert

GRAVEL SWIT—When the world's first all-bottle band formed last night at the Hall, all eyes were on hand member Daisy.

Reason: Instead of a guitar, Daisy played a Bourbon bottle. He preferred the Beam said that the square shape "groovy" sound.

There was imitation that the Bottle Band's revolting sound could be heard where.

And T. Jeremiah to Baker and Booker Noe—over a span of 173 years. The all-in-one takes place. The Beam Beam much to tion and final form more to as for own Beams who

Walk the line and one of the notices, if you're acquainted with the making of Bourbon,

In the old days, early settlers had a sure-fire way of testing the strength of whiskey. They poured a smidgin of it on a small pile of gunpowder and lit it.

A bright flare of flame meant the whiskey was too strong (it contained too much alcohol). While a steady blue flame told them the whiskey was just about right.

Nowadays, of course, all you have to do is look at the label says cause 86 proof people prefer.

figure alcohol divide proof by two. But remember the proof is not always quality.

Toast

your next party your knowledge.

In America we call it "Bottled" or "Bottle" course, the Canadian

JIM BEAM BOURBON— MAKING NEWS SINCE 1795

CLERMONT, KY.—173 years ago Jacob Beam started making Beam Bourbon here in Kentucky. It is still being made here today. And still by the Beams.

Along with inspired skills, the making of a Bourbon like Beam requires an unusual combination of land, climate and natural materials. And it's all here, in north central Kentucky.

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The rich, fertile, surrounding valleys and plains provide the needed corn, rye and har-

Fresh Charred Oak

And there's the great charred oak, nearby.

It's in this charred wood, from the all-in-one takes place. The Beam Beam much to tion and final form more to as for own Beams who

Walk the line and one of the notices, if you're acquainted with the making of Bourbon,



Co., Clermont, Beam, Kentucky. Jim Beam 86 proof Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey distilled and bottled

SHOPWALK

Some atomic scientists got together and went happily back to the bow and arrow.

At Los Alamos, N. Mex. brainstorming session one afternoon the atomic scientists decided that it would be stimulating to sharpen their theoretical tools on a topic old and simple, like the bow and arrow. "Man has been making these things for more than 300 centuries," they said, in effect, "and the bow still isn't storing and releasing as much energy as it could."

So, the physicists studied the materials used in modern bows (mainly thin strips of wood laminated with fiber glass) and concluded that the limbs of the bows were too thick at some points. At the same time, the mathematicians found the conventional curves were inefficient, and they plotted new ones. They combined their findings in a rough sketch and handed it to Harold Groves, a local toolmaker who made archery equipment as a hobby. Although skeptical, Groves sanded down one of his bows and tried it out. "Was I surprised! It had so much extra power that my first shot flew five feet above the hole," he said.

This started a happy give-and-take between theorists and designer (and later between customers and craftsman). Groves gave his bows away at first, but then when he was swamped with requests from archery fans, he quit his job and started manufacturing bows in Albuquerque.

Groves Archery Corp. began in a small warehouse, and in 1963 moved to a new plant with an indoor archery range. There, some of the better shooters try out his new bow models and have the fun of seeing their suggestions built into future designs.

Groves Archery, which sells mainly through archery professionals, offers 10 stock models (bows ranging in price from \$179 to \$22.95), but most have so many variations of length, draw weight, handle shape, ornamentation and other factors that each bow is actually a handcrafted made-to-order item.

His biggest custom order was a 300-pound bow needed by Sandia Laboratory. A 70-pound bow is regarded as a heavy one, Sandia's bow had to be cranked back with a bolt winch. Scientists used it to fire a projectile repeatedly into a pit of sand in an earth-penetration study. It worked fine, said the project leader. The bow has more consistency and control than other propellants, he said, and that, of course, is what makes archery.

Groves makes from 300 to 500 bows a month and keeps on developing new ones. Now he is ready to sell a bow that can be divided into three parts, small enough for an airline suitcase, and readily reassembled without loss of drawing efficiency.

—ARCH NAPIER



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BOOKTALK

A guide for the hiker in England maps out the pleasant scenery between pubs

One of the goals of a walk through the English countryside is a pint of bitter in a country pub, which may explain why walking is still a very popular pastime there. *Turn Left at the Pub* (David McKay, New York, \$4.95) by George W. Oakes is not a drinker's guide to England—the book jacket staidly promises “walking tours of the English countryside”—but it does keep that reviving pint in mind while leading the walker in and out of a series of fascinating paths and byways.

England is the country of the dedicated walker, and hikers with knapsacks and elaborate Ordnance Survey maps are a natural part of the scene, but Mr. Oakes approaches his subject in a more leisurely fashion. In fact, “walking tour” is entirely too energetic a term; “gentle stroll” would be nearer the mark. Each walk takes a couple of hours, and is illustrated by a clear map of the route.

Although *Turn Left at the Pub* has several walks typical of the English countryside, including two in the Cotswolds, it is chiefly remarkable as a well-informed and imaginative guide to the cities of England. George Oakes has said that the only way to get to know a city is by walking through it. In an earlier book, *Turn Right at the Fountain* (Holt, Rinehart and Winston, New York, \$4.95), he was walking us through the cities of Europe. Three eminently walkable English cities—London, Oxford and Cambridge—were on his route. London, stronger on pubs than on fountains, somehow doesn't make the new book, although Oxford and Cambridge do, somewhat repetitiously.

With the possible exception of these, and a rather obvious tramp around Shakespeare's birthplace, the choice of walks is excellent. The city of Bath, with its 18th-century Palladian architecture and symmetrical squares and crescents, rises two walks. So does the walled Roman city of York.

Oakes is a brilliant guide to the medieval city of Wells, which looks much the same as it must have 600 years ago. In the Market Square is a sign that the 20th century exists—a discreet metal plate, precisely 22" 7/32" long, commemorating the 1964 long-jump record of Olympic Champion Mary Rand, who was born there. Among the finest buildings in Wells is the Palace of the bishops of Bath and Wells, begun in the 13th century. The Palace, complete with bastlements and moat, is still the bishop's private dwelling, although the grounds may be visited on Thursday afternoons in summer, not on Wednesdays as George Oakes says. A small factual error in an otherwise entertaining and useful book.

—PAMELA KNIGHT

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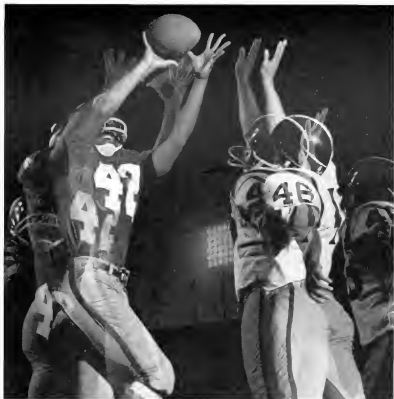
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SCORECARD

A WORD FOR THE BETTER

The present fight for control of professional golf is demeaning the sport. Though the issues tend to dissolve into a muddle of initials—PGA and APG and IGSA—a confusion of committees and a profusion of public charges, they can be easily summarized. There are no principles at stake. The issues are money and power.

On page 30 Jack Nicklaus ably states the case for the players and why they feel a break with the PGA is in their best interest. The players' feelings are understandable. Equally easy to appreciate is why the PGA is determined to keep control of the tour—and some \$439,000 now in the PGA's tournament-expense fund.

But there is one interested party nobody seems to care about—the spectator who follows pro golf, likes it, perhaps even cherishes it a little. In all the thousands of words spoken in the last few weeks by the PGA and the players, there has been not one sentence to the effect that if we have control we'll run a better tour, we'll guarantee the appearance of big names, we'll build the international aspect of the game, we'll help the sport of golf. The total motivation in the PGA-player controversy has been complete self-interest. The more this becomes apparent to the golf fan, the less he is going to feel like applauding or identifying with all those bright young men making \$50,000 a year or so. All concerned would do well to remember that.

OUT FOR BLOOD

There are any number of property owners who yell for blood at the very sight of a hunter on their land, and Sherrill Raley, a Fort Worth, Texas rancher, is only slightly different. Raley owns 1,100 acres in Jack and Throckmorton Counties on which there are an abundance of doves and numerous tanks stocked with bass, crappie and catfish. About a year ago, when Raley's wife was ill, he became aware of the dwindling supply

of blood in the local blood bank. So he put an advertisement in the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* announcing that anyone who donated a pint of blood to the bank could hunt and fish free on his land for a week. The ad brought in more than 300 pints in two months, as hunters came from as far away as California. Now Raley is repeating his offer, and he hopes other land owners will make similar proposals.

ANOTHER HURDLE

The threatened Olympic boycotts—by black American athletes, black African nations and European countries protesting the invasion of Czechoslovakia—appear to be off. Dissident Mexican students probably will not, after all, attempt to sabotage the Games. But last week in Spain there was another Olympic blowup. Three torches used to transport the flame to Mexico City exploded as they were being passed from runner to runner. Luckily, no one was seriously injured in the hand-offs.

NEW INTEREST

Last weekend Howard Hughes, who failed in his attempt to gain control of ABC, quietly bought Sports Network Incorporated, the up-from-nowhere company (\$1. Nov. 8, 1965) that now televises more hours of competitive athletics than the three major networks combined. The implications of the Hughes move are huge. SNI President Dick Bailey, who founded his network with \$1,000 working capital and lots of gail, has never been able to operate without a tight eye on his budget. "Everything we earned has gone back into the company," his son, Dick Jr., said last week. "We couldn't experiment as much as we'd like to. It was hard to justify a program that was going to lose money. We accepted ones that had established media value."

But now Bailey, who will remain as head of SNI, will have vast financial leeway. There is no reason to think SNI

won't enter into direct competitive bidding with the other networks for the big sports contracts—pro football, college football and baseball. (Indeed, there is no reason to think Hughes doesn't intend to build a fourth major TV network for the nation. "We will become the greatest force in communications in the world," Dick Bailey Jr. predicts.)

The prospect is a stimulating one for the sports fan. And if CBS and NBC could have foreseen this, they might have helped Hughes buy ABC.

HELP! GOLDFISH DROWNING!

Peter Humphrey, a 55-year-old water-purification consultant, was sauntering near his garden pond at Hillside Gardens, Northwood, England when he noticed that one of his 14 goldfish was gasping and about to go down for the third time. Acting with great alacrity and courage (he might have splashed



water on his shoes), Humphrey snatched up the poor fish, put his fingers in its mouth and dredged up a pebble that was jammed in the goldfish's throat.

Humphrey has been recommended to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for an award for heroism. RSPCA officials do not feel he is quite entitled to its silver or bronze medals, but he might perhaps receive its letter of commendation. "Though the action was quite commendable," one RSPCA official stated, "I doubt that Mr. Humphrey will receive an award. There doesn't seem to have been much element of personal risk, do you think?"

continued



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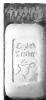
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SCORECARD *continued*

The London *Sun* in an editorial thinks Humphrey deserves an award, and finds the situation "No Joke at All," as it headed its editorial, "Goldfish lovers will applaud Mr. Humphrey, and so will goldfish," the *Sun* goes on. "To land creatures, like people, the idea of a fish drowning is unexpected and therefore slightly funny. It is unlikely to seem funny to goldfish." An RSPCA inspector added: "I would hate to think how many goldfish owners would have stood by and let the fish drown because they did not know what was wrong."

We think Mr. Humphrey should get at least a gold medal with guppy clusters, if not the Victoria Cross.

HANGOVER

Tulane football coach Jim Pittman, whose Green Wave had a 3-7-0 record last year and whose prospects are none too bright this season, is telling an old anecdote with a new slant. Pittman was confronted by an inebriated fan after a defeat.

"Pittman, you're a lousy coach," the man proclaimed.

"You're drunk," Pittman retaliated. "Yeah, I know," the drunk responded, "but I'll be over *that* in the morning."

WHICH WAY DO JUDGE?

The Rick Barry option-clause case becomes, as Alice said, "curiouser and curiously." Judge Walter Carpeneti ruled that Barry could not be held in a sort of involuntary servitude by the San Francisco Warriors of the NBA and could play with the Oakland Oaks of the ABA. The judge also decided that the damages to the Warriors amounted to \$356,000 for the Barry jumping, but said his court had no right to award such damages, and he doubted, anyway, if the Warriors could ever get it. "This last finding may be an example of complete futility," he wrote.

At first look, then, the case seems to have been a solid victory for Oakland, but Judge Carpeneti announced immediately after his verdict that he thinks his decision is unfortunate and rather hopes that he will be reversed by a higher court. "I would have preferred to find for the plaintiff [the Warriors]," he said, "but the law is such, I could not. It is a sad situation when a man like Franklin Miguel [Warrior owner] could pioneer in bringing a sport to an area, take all the gambles, run all the

risks, lose some \$900,000 in the process and then—when success was beginning to come—see a competitor barge in and steal his star attraction."

The judge suggested that the Warriors appeal and even intimated that an appeals court might enjoy Barry from playing for the Oaks, pending its decision.

VICTORY IN BROWN

The invitation was bordered in his green and gold racing colors: "Dancer's Image invites you to join in celebrating his victory in the 1968 Kentucky Derby, and his entry into Stud, at a dinner dance on Saturday, the seventh of September at seven o'clock, Lea House, North Hampton, New Hampshire."

Peter Fuller, the owner of the Derby winner who was drugged and later disqualified by the stewards at Churchill Downs, apparently is not choosing to believe the whole thing happened.

For that matter, the members of the Kentucky State Racing Commission, who must rule on Fuller's appeal, don't seem to be choosing to face up to the facts, either.

In the meantime, while the commissioners dawdle, the Derby purse goes undistributed. The \$165,100 is still deposited in the racetrack's account in Louisville's Citizens Fidelity Bank & Trust Co. In the end, the money may force the Commission into making a decision. Quite understandably, the owners of Forward Pass, Francis's Hat, T.V. Commercial and Kentucky Sherry are looking for their share.

Fuller probably would settle for the glory.

THE WINNER, BREZZING

What is the fastest way to get from Joliet to Bloomington, Ill. and back again, without being "attached, pushed, launched, pulled, catapulted or in any other way transported by a motor or motorized vehicle?"

Evidently the fastest way is in a wheeled sailboat—followed closely by a truck carrying a huge fan. The second-fastest way is to jump on a bicycle and ride like fury.

In the Illinois Sesquicentennial's "Great Race," held last week under those trying conditions, a 36-year-old engineer, Carl Johnson, literally sailed home in front of the field to take the \$1,000 first prize. Johnson's time in the 220-mile race was 9 hours, 2 minutes

continued

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

and 52 seconds. Dennis Blair, the cyclist who came in second, finished 8 minutes behind Johnson. Among the other competitors were:

A man who, after learning that everything had been entered but the kitchen sink, entered a kitchen sink. He mounted it on wheels and put up a shower curtain as a sail. He failed to finish.

A man who created a vacuum in front of his bicycle—placing a three-sided plastic shield ahead of it and a "vacuum tube" apparatus behind. A fan, attached to a car that followed him, blew into the tubes. He attained speeds of up to 50 miles per hour, was the early favorite, but was delayed by two slow freight trains.

A man who claimed to have developed "the copper-coated aspirin, the solid mahogany windshield, steam-powered television and the hyperbolic duck (i.e., the duck that floats)."

A girl, 18-year-old Maureen McCoy of Joliet, who cycled and swam the distance. She was riding along a back road when she came to the Mackinaw River and found the bridge was out. So she swam the river with her bicycle hooked on her arm; and then cycled on.

Even the race judges had a high old time. They observed the race from a giant balloon.

THEY SAID IT

• Bud Wilkinson, former Oklahoma coach, giving one reason for college football's economic problem, "No prospect is more than 4½ hours from your campus by jet today, and the trend is to go after the superprospect regardless of where he is from. When I was at Oklahoma we began with a recruiting budget of \$3,000, and I don't think we ever had more than \$7,500. Now that wouldn't pay your phone bill."

• Mike Hudoba, chairman of National Press Club's Board of Governors, introducing Washington Redskins' coach, Otto Graham, at a luncheon: "Coach Graham was here once before. You recall that he promised no miracles, and he has faithfully kept his promise."

• Johnny Kerr, coach of the Phoenix Suns, on his problems with the NBA expansion club that is owned by (among others) Andy Williams, Bobbie Gentry, Henry Mancini and Ed Ames: "My main problem now is to decide who is going to sing the national anthem on opening night."

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ARTHUR ALL THE WAY

The first U.S. Open Tennis Championships at Forest Hills were disastrous for the professionals, but for the winner, America's Arthur Ashe, they proved that he has finally become one of the world's best players by KIM CHAPIN

By the time the first U.S. Open Tennis tournament had come down to its final confrontation—the battle for the men's singles title—the bodies of the world's best professionals were strewn all over Forest Hills. Rod Laver was long gone, beaten in the fourth round. So was Roy Emerson. Ken Rosewall was out, as were John Newcombe, Tony Roche and the rest of the Handsome Nine. What was left were two amateurs, more or less. One of them was Tom Okker, a 24-year-old Dutchman who had wiped out three pros on his way to the final. As a registered player—that is, an amateur who is allowed to collect prize money in certain tournaments—Okker had already pocketed the \$14,000 first prize. Some amateur. His opponent was Arthur Ashe, the nation's top player, amateur or pro. Ashe had also beaten three pros to reach the final and had earned \$15 a day doing it.

It was a memorable final, a case of attack and counterattack. Ashe won a long first set 14-12, but Okker bounced back in the second 7-5. When Ashe took the third 6-3 he seemed a winner, but again Okker rallied, winning the fourth set 6-3. But in the final set Ashe's power proved decisive as he ran out the match 6-3. For Ashe, it was his second straight major victory, coming on top of the U.S. amateur, and it proved that he had finally reached the top, just as everyone thought he someday would.

It was the most exciting Forest Hills in a long time. Because it was an open

tournament, there were past champions on every court, a Hall of Fame on parade. Strolling the grounds were 20 players who among them had won 52 Wimbledon and Forest Hills titles. Last year's men's singles final between John Newcombe and Clark Graebner (when Forest Hills was an amateur tournament) was replayed in the quarterfinals this year, an indication of the strength of the draw. Pancho Gonzalez, returning to the scene of his first major triumph 20 years before, gave the galleries the best show of the tournament. And Billie Jean King, trying to match her Wimbledon victory, was upset by England's Virginia Wade, another money-making (\$6,000) amateur.

Naturally, the tournament had its flaws. The Open brought in the pros and with them cigarette ads inside the old stadium, \$8 tickets and balls bottled by Macy's (though made by Slazenger). Three groups had a hand in the tournament—the USLTA, which sponsored and ran it, the West Side Tennis Club, which played host; and Madison Square Garden Attractions, Inc., which organized it, or tried to. When three separate groups try to run anything, you have problems. For instance, the Open was rained out just one day, yet the men's singles finished a day late. The grass courts were war-torn, but that's standard. The Macy's balls were heavy, which may account for the fact that so many pros had so much trouble. The pros play in their own little world

—mostly indoors—and seem less adaptable to change than the amateurs.

Lastly, the draw was rigged—that's the right word—so that the touring pros, who are members of groups run by George MacCall and Al Hill Jr., would not meet until they mathematically had to, that being the fourth round. A small point, perhaps, but a rigged draw is still a rigged draw. (There was a suspicion that the women's draw was similarly manipulated, since the four professional players—Mrs. King, Ann Jones, Rosemary Casals and Françoise Durr, only two of whom were seeded—conveniently wound up in separate quarters.)

However, none of these flaws succeeded in spoiling the tournament. If nothing else, the former champions made Forest Hills a connoisseur's delight. Over on the grandstand court one could watch Don Budge and Frank Parker reviving the past in a seniors doubles match against Bobby Riggs and Pancho Segura, as Jack Kramer (at Forest Hills as a TV commentator) leaned on an adjoining green fence, watching. Several courts away, Vic Seixas and Tony Trabert were teamed for the first time in 13 years, playing in the men's doubles and reaching double match point against Okker and Marty Riessen before losing. Nearby, Bill Talbert was playing doubles against Gardnar Mulloy, while in the women's doubles Pauline Betz Addie and Gussie Moran were testing their old skills against a younger team.

But of all the old champions at Forest Hills, the one who stood out was

continued

The finale brought together two vividly contrasting styles of play: the speed and agility of Okker (left) against the devastating power of Ashe.





est Hills last week no one attracted more attention, or produced more excitement, than Gonzalez, who came to the tournament as keyed-up as anybody ("I nearly threw up," he said after one match), but without any delusions about his age, 40, or how long he could last. After an easy victory over Colin Stubbs of Australia and a surprising 6-4, 6-4, 6-4 win over Mal Anderson that put him into the fourth round against second-seeded Tony Roche, Gonzalez said, "I'm realistic. Three or four matches is about all I can take. To win seven is a big jump. If I beat Roche I would have to sit down and say I've gone about as far as I expected to."

Before the Roche match Gonzalez tapped the fingertips of his right hand, not unlike a prizefighter, and walked onto the stadium court to the cheers and applause of a crowd that might have booed him 10 years ago. "It's embarrassing," he said. He went through his nervous rituals, sweeping his hand through his graying black hair, rubbing the sweat from his eyes and hitching up his shirt at the shoulder before every point—and also played excellent tennis.

In his prime Gonzalez did not often need a lot of finesse. "I always had that big serve," he said, "and as a match got longer I got stronger than my opponent. I could count on it." But now he cannot afford long matches, and must go for the service break at every opportunity. Against Roche he did it by clipping low, angled returns of service to force Roche to volley up. Roche made numerous errors off these shots, and when he didn't Gonzalez often set up the point with a lob or quickly moved in to the net to volley the ball past him. It was a magnificent display of tactics. Gonzalez won 8-6, 6-4, 6-2, and thus went into the quarterfinals against Okker.

Unfortunately, Okker followed the day after Roche, and as the first set wore on without a conclusion Gonzalez's chances diminished, although in the 26th game he held service at love by reeling off three clean service aces and a near ace. At 14-14 Gonzalez broke Okker, then held to win the first set 16-14. Okker took the second, 6-3, and again in the third they played even until Okker got the crucial break in the 11th game to lead 6-5. Gonzalez played a des-

perate game and broke Okker right back, but Okker broke Gonzalez again in the 17th game and held for the set 10-8.

In the final set Gonzalez dropped four points on his service in the first game and Okker ran out the match 6-3. Gonzalez was out of the tournament and very tired, but the day before, slouched in a chair after defeating Roche, a towel tossed around his shoulders, he grinned, looking for all the world like the bright-eyed kid who had come out of the Mexican district of Los Angeles to win the U.S. title in 1948 at the age of 20 and to defend it a year later against Ted Schroeder in one of the classic Forest Hills finals. That one moment was enough. As Okker said, "He's still a good player."

With Gonzalez out, attention was focused on the rest of the tournament. Laver had lost to Cliff Drysdale by 4-6, 6-4, 3-6, 6-1, 6-1, and in the final two sets he barely made a fight of it. Since July 20, when he had been beaten by Gonzalez in the finals of a Los Angeles tournament, Laver had played just two tournament matches before Forest Hills. He rested 2½ weeks to nurse an injured wrist, then lost to Fred Stolle in Birmingham, N.Y. and Anderson in Fort Worth. "If you don't go into a match with confidence, you're through," he said. "Even when I was ahead two sets to one, I felt shaky. I need to play every day, not just practice, and two matches aren't enough. I don't mean to sound like I'm making excuses. I'm not. Cliff was better today. But I guess you've got to have excuses, don't you? If you don't feel you're better than the other fellow you might as well shake hands with him before the match starts."

Laver's upset, coupled with Roche's loss, meant that the two top-seeded players had been eliminated before the quarters at Forest Hills for the first time, and, more than that, the way had been opened for a lot of pretenders to the title. In the upper half, Laver's half, the two American Davis Cuppers, Ashe and Graebner, worked their way to the semifinals. Ashe, who had not dropped a singles match in more than seven weeks (in the process winning two major tournaments, the Pennsylvania Grass Court Championships and the U.S. amateur title, four Davis Cup matches and one

Army tournament) defeated both Roy Emerson and Laver's conqueror, Drysdale, before ousting Graebner in four sets.

In the bottom half Okker made the semis, of course, by defeating Gonzalez. Rosewall was able to sleep through the first five rounds. He lost only 16 games in his first three matches, somehow was extended to four sets against Ron Holmberg in the fourth, then played Dennis Ralston, the best American professional, in the quarterfinals. That could have been a severe test for Rosewall, but in a third-round match against Joaquin Loyo-Mayo of Mexico, Ralston had pulled a stomach muscle, then aggravated it further while defeating Nikki Pilic, and had seriously considered defaulting to Rosewall rather than risk an injury that might knock him out of action for several weeks. "I don't want to have to serve underhand," he said.

Before the match he had a shot of novocain, which did little good. He tapped the ball onto play, could not follow his service to the net and while attempting to protect his stomach injured his back. Rosewall won 6-2, 6-2, 6-3.

In the semifinals Ashe and Graebner were merely playing for a spot in the finals, and perhaps to increase their bargaining position with the professionals this coming winter. (The U.S.LTA does not yet provide for registered players from its own association, but an informal vote of its regional delegates indicated that it probably soon will.) The \$14,000 naturally added a little something to the Okker-Rosewall semi, but the match really didn't need anything extra. The score was 8-6, 6-4, 6-8, 6-1 and just as easily could have gone in Rosewall's favor. In both of the first two sets he was up a service break. In the first, however, his service betrayed him—he double-faulted on set point—and in the second Okker's quickness and lightning passing shots pulled the Dutchman back even and then on to victory and the finals.

Thus it was that the last of the professionals was eliminated from the first U.S. Open Tennis Championship, the very tournament those same pros had been hoping to play in for years. It was both ironic and significant that the amateurs should win all the glory—and most of the money, too. **END**

Though his jet hair is graying, Pancho Gonzalez, returning to the scene of his first major triumph 20 years ago, still had a lean and hungry look.

REBUTTAL TO A SEARING ATTACK

Two weeks ago Leo Fraser, secretary of the PGA, added to the friction between his organization and the touring pros by making a bitter personal assault on the author. What follows is a reply to those charges by JACK NICKLAUS

That verbal attack recently unleashed on me by Leo Fraser, the secretary of the Professional Golfers Association, was, on the whole, inaccurate. Fraser did spell my name correctly—Jack Nicklaus. He even had my age right—28. And he signed his own name properly—Leo Fraser. The rest of his cutting statement, though, was a personal assault.

Fraser asserted that 1) I have brought a bad attitude to the negotiations between the PGA and the touring pros; 2) I have "mouthed" the clichés control and veto power when, he says, I have known full well that both are distortions of fact (they certainly are not), and 3) I have disseminated "false information designed to mislead the public." It seems to me he wants to make this dispute look more like a personality clash between the 5,800 members of the PGA and one Jack Nicklaus than a basic difference in philosophy between the PGA and the touring pros. I deny Fraser's charges and wish to present an accurate picture of the situation.

Two weeks ago Arnold Palmer flew to Washington to address the Executive Committee of the PGA and offer his solution to the dispute. Basically, Arnold proposed a separate, self-governed, self-controlled section for the touring pros under the umbrella of the PGA. This was almost identical to the proposal made to the PGA by the players over the last few months. We suggested a separate section with a board of seven men—three touring pros, two PGA officers and two businessmen—who would govern the tour. To get a decisive 4 to 3 vote in any matter, the players would have to convince one of four men that they were right. If we could not do that, we were dead wrong.

Arnold went to Washington strictly as an individual—not as an official representative of the players. He went

there, however, with the approval of Sam Gates—the legal counsel for our new players' organization, American Professional Golfers, Inc. About that time, speaking as the vice-president-elect of the APG, I said we would continue to carry the organization and business of the APG forward.

Right after that, Fraser stated that I had attempted to undermine Arnold's efforts to repair the dispute. Fraser was dead wrong. Arnold confirmed this fact publicly, and he also said he was disappointed that the PGA had decided to involve personalities again. Arnold told me what he planned to propose—and I told him I hoped he would be successful. My own approach, as well as that of all the touring pros, to this dispute always has been that we should try to resolve it within the PGA framework.

Nevertheless, according to Fraser, this was "typical of my attitude" at the negotiating tables. When Fraser talks about "my attitude," I think he is referring to something I said at the PGA championship in July.

There were only 56 touring pros in the starting field of 168 players at San Antonio. One day a writer asked me about this ratio, and I said, "It's absurd and unfortunate." Only a third of the players at the PGA were regular tour competitors—or, in other words, the best players in the world. The PGA's antiquated qualifying system prevented top players such as Bob Murphy, Lee Elder and Deane Beman from playing at San Antonio. As a member of the Tournament Committee, I spoke out against the system. I had nothing to gain for myself; I was exempt from qualifying for the PGA tournament. I wanted a proper tour representation at the pros' own championship. The PGA should be the No. 1 tournament in golf because it is our own championship. It

cannot be No. 1, though, when many top players—the tour players—cannot tee the ball up.

If all this reflects my typical attitude, well, that's fine. It means I have been performing on behalf of the other 205 tour pros who elected me in the first place, the fellows who earn \$5,000 a year as well as the \$100,000 guys. The attitude I take to the negotiating table is their attitude.

Throughout this long dispute, we—all the touring pros who have formed the new APG—have used the terms "control" and "veto power" to describe the principal difference between the positions of the PGA and the touring pros. Simply, the PGA officers can control the operations of the tour with their use and their threatened use of the veto, whereby they can overturn any decisions made by the Tournament Committee.

Fraser said I "mouthed" those words as "clichés." He said, "Nicklaus knows the tour players have had full control over the tournament schedule, approval of courses and sponsors, purse sizes and distribution, conditions of play, their own field staff and television contracts." Let me set the record straight again. 1) We have not had full control over the tournament schedule. Two years ago the Tournament Committee voted to play a \$200,000 tournament in Palm Springs if successful arrangements could be worked out with the Bob Hope Desert Classic, which also is played in Palm Springs. At the same time the same Tournament Committee voted to schedule a \$300,000 tournament in Miami, where the Doral Open always is played. The Executive Committee immediately used its veto power against the Palm Springs event but not against the Miami tournament. A long time later the Miami sponsors backed out.

2) We have not had full control over



Taking a short holiday from the tour, Nicklaus drafts his reply in his West Palm Beach office.

the approval of courses and sponsors. The vetted Palm Springs tournament is one example.

3) We have *not* had full control over purse sizes and distribution. In 1966 Fraser, along with Robert T. Creasey, now the executive director of the PGA, went to New York to negotiate a \$250,000 tournament at Westchester. Without the knowledge of even one player, they planned to take 20% of this purse—or \$50,000—and put it into some pension fund for all PGA members. At the same time they made no proposal to take 20% of the club pros' income and place it into the pension fund. It seemed logical to us to assume that the PGA's next step would be to take a cut of all purses for this pension

fund. We managed to squelch that plan. 4) We have *not* had full control over our conditions of play. Last year the pros voted unanimously not to use all three of the new United States Golf Association rules regarding putting. The Tournament Committee even voted 7 to 1 not to use these regulations. Nevertheless, the Executive Committee overruled our decision and reported our acceptance to the USGA.

5) When Fraser said we have control over our field staff, he was right. However, we could not hire and fire tournament personnel. For instance, when Jim Gagliardi resigned as tournament bureau manager in 1966, the players voted to have Jack Tuohill replace him. The PGA said fine—if Tuohill worked from

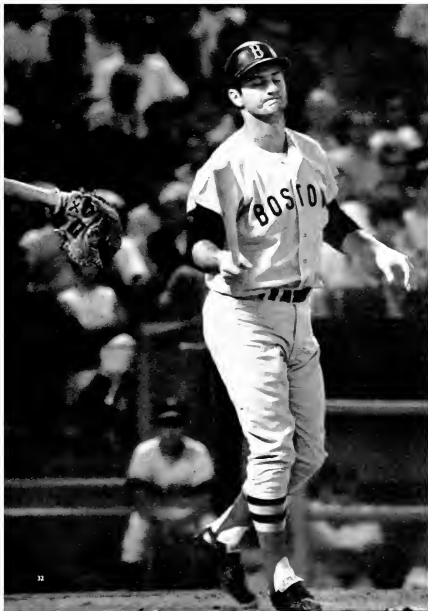
an office at Palm Beach Gardens, Fla. We wanted Jack to stay on the tour. The officers said they would veto that. Instead, the Executive Committee, where the players have only one of 17 votes elected Creasey as permanent tournament bureau manager and the executive director of the PGA. When they hired Creasey, they had, in effect, removed our right to hire our own personnel. We would have loved to hire Creasey, too. But we couldn't do that because they would veto it.

6) The players have had control over the tour television contracts the last few years because a previous players' committee had the foresight to hire an expert, Martin Carmichael of New York City, to conduct TV negotiations. Creasey, who was forced upon the touring pros and then seemed intent upon becoming the czar of pro golf, said once that he could handle 90% of Carmichael's work from his PGA office at Palm Beach Gardens (only 1,500 miles from New York and the TV networks). Somehow we have kept Creasey out of the television negotiations.

Regarding the veto power, the PGA officers have used it only once—to ban the Palm Springs tournament. They have the threat of a veto, though, and that is just as powerful. In addition, the PGA has equipped itself with another all-pro-protective device. In 1965, after one tour player was critical of the PGA in a story in a national publication, the PGA's Executive Committee voted to give itself the ultimate right to take over the operation of the tournament bureau activities at any time. Of course, that is exactly what the PGA did last month when it fired the Tournament Committee—including Gardiner Dickinson, Frank Beard, Doug Ford and myself.

As you can see, the PGA controls the golf tour. Now we want the right to cast the decisive vote in matters that affect our livelihood. We have gone as far as we can in these deliberations. We have formed the APG. This is not designed to destroy the PGA. Instead, we want to provide a better vehicle for the operation of professional golf tournaments. The next action rests with the PGA.

END



A Race to Keep the Title Out of Bed

In 52 years of major league baseball no player has ever won a batting title with an average of less than .300. Now Carl Yastrzemski (left), with a stirring late-season drive, is in danger of taking the American League championship again. If he does—and that is not at all certain with so many others challenging with blistering .280 averages—he will find himself in the embarrassing position of entering the record books with the lowest average in history. So, is the Boston slugger worried? Well, yes and no. "If I can't hit higher than .300," he said last week, "I don't want the title." Then he reconsidered. "Come to think of it, I'll take it with what I'm hitting now. Next year .220 may be good enough." The venerable Elmer Flick, who had the misfortune to win with the alltime low of .306 in 1905 but has long survived his detractors, says of a spry 32 that things are bound to pick up. If they do, players like Washington's Frank Howard, Oakland's Danny Cater and Detroit's Willie Horton may not be so pleased. All, oddly, are hitting above their lifetime averages and are in the thick of a batting race for the first time. Chances are, they will find their natural level. The title, in fact, could go to the Twins' Tony Oliva, who reached .289 before a dislocated shoulder put him out for the last five weeks of the season. Said the Angels' Bill Rigney, "He could be the first player to win the championship in bed."



Up, up goes a pop fly, but the Athletics' Danny Cater has not lost hope of pushing his batting average to the top.

Willie Horton, who cemented Detroit's hold on first place with timely power batting, is another surprised candidate.



All of us with a vested interest in the human condition should know, the innards of a computer are naught but a banal gnarl of electronic glands and itty-bitty wire ganglia, roughly the size of, say, a healthy colony of streptococci. Very fragile. Highly breakable. Infinitely boring to watch. Of course, that is not to say that the wondrous tricks performed in there have not done much to the condition of humankind. Colorfully called by such intrinsically American names as IBM 360 or NCR 315 or Univac 1108, these machines have replaced uncounted flocks of lank-haired office girls with pots of silver nail polish in their desks and dreams of Harley-Davidson drivers in their heads. Thousands of myopic bookkeepers are otherwise employed. This is the age of the electric Scrooge; Bob Cratchit is a hole in a key-punch card, Tiny Tim is a linear digital Tinkertoy.

Scientists were quick to recognize that all work and no play made Jack a dull computer, and from the very start fun-loving experts enjoyed playing ticktacktoe with their machines. Properly programmed, even an early model could counter a human X with its own O, which made for exciting hours in the old systems analysis sanctum until a smart-aleck technician started making his Xs on top of the computer's Os. The machine kept saying, YOU MADE A MISTAKE, but the fellow persisted in cheating until the exasperated computer declared, I QUIT. Since then computers have come to excel at such games as checkers, chess, bridge and guessing election returns before any votes are counted. Last spring a University of Liverpool computer swallowed data for a race among the 12 greatest horses in history and coughed up Citation as the winner. (Horse-racing purists were outraged. They thought the winner should have been Man o' War in a walk.) Silly though it seemed, *The New York Times* not only published a substantial article on the results, it also ran a lengthy, dignified pre-race dope story about the whole fabrication.

But no one has had as much sport

with computers as a genial, portly radio announcer-turned-promoter named Murry Woroner. He is the man who has answered the question: Can a brash young paper boy from the Bronx rise from a job as a staff announcer in a tiny coal-mining town in Kentucky to become the broadcasting czar of computerized sports events with his own small office, meager staff and sassy-weezy studio over a bank in a suburban Miami shopping center? The answer is yes.

It is Murry Woroner who last year brought to our wondering ears, via radio and computer, the All-Time Heavyweight Tournament and Championship Fight. He reduced 16 magnificent fighters (from John L. Sullivan to Muhammad Ali) to key-punch perforations, fed them into a National Cash Register 315 computer and let them fight—the bareknucklers vs. the gloved sluggers, the rigid standers vs. the dodging dancers, the quick vs. the dead. From the computer readouts, he produced breathless blow-by-blow broadcasts, peddled the tapes to 380 stations the world around and, after 15 elimination bouts, let it be known last December that Computer Fighter No. 004 (Rocky Marciano) had knocked out Computer Fighter No. 002 (Jack Dempsey) in the 13th round of the finals.

One would think that such artificiality, if artfully, inseminated excitement might lay a big soft electronic egg; but one would think wrong. For some reason, both listeners and advertisers—who placed \$3.5 million worth of commercials around the series—loved it. So did Murry Woroner, who has just begun to compute for sport, and profit. Two weeks from now Woroner Productions Inc. will proudly present its computerized, scripted, taped and sold All-Time Middleweight Tournament and Championship Fight. The 15-week run will open with a bout between Carmen Basilio and Marcel Cerdan. Again, there are 16 contenders, ranging from Kid McCoy to Emile Griffith.

The forthcoming tournament is one of the most astonishing marketing suc-

cesses in radio history. No less than 650 stations have signed up, the most ever to buy an independently produced series of programs. The Ford Motor Co. is sponsoring half of the series nationwide, and the best guess is that some \$4.5 million in advertising will be sold with the middleweights.

Murry Woroner is delighted. In his minuscule office over the South Miami Federal Savings and Loan, one wall is a large window with a view of the parking lot, but on the opposite wall is an enormous map covered with colored pins. Murry waves at the map and says, "Just look at that! There's not a section of the country where we don't have a middleweight pin. Now that can't help but give a man some jollies."

There will be more jollies to come, apparently. Woroner is already working on an All-Time Computerized College Football Championship for next fall, an elimination tournament between the best teams of the century. It might drive the Galloping Ghost through key-punch perforations into the Seven Blocks of Granite or blast Doc Blanchard into the off-kick circuitry of Bronko Nagurski. "This mythical thing seems to turn people on," says Woroner.

But his potentially jolliest deal of all is not mythical. Starting next fall Woroner's athletic analytical engine is planning to perpetrate a weekly electronic version of a game between two National Football League teams that will actually meet each other later the same week. The deal was initiated by the highly successful NFL Films Company and Murry was delighted to enter the partnership. "This," he said, "could open the doors at the U.S. mint. Everybody'll want to buy it. Of course, we're going out on a limb. If we miss every game by seven or eight touchdowns, our computer credibility will be in trouble. But if we come close, or say we hit one right on the nose—hey, can you imagine then what would happen?"

At 43, Murry Woroner is a well-respected professional who has been in broadcasting since the late '40s. After tours with stations in Harlan, Ky., Ama-

continued

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fighths to produce the best possible pictomotional advantages—such as being certain that the finalists were both living fighters—would seem overwhelming, but Woroner categorically denies that he ever considered such shenanigans.

"We took it just as it came from the computer, and we did everything humanly possible—everything logic, statistics and raw research could do—to make those fights authentic and accurate," he says.

"We know a computer can't program heart or courage. But experts can judge guys they saw fight on those grounds. We never pretended we could program in the whole human condition, like a guy's frame of mind or something. What we did was use the computer as an impartial arbiter on the *probabilities* of the way certain boxers would fight in their prime. I don't mind the criticism and jokes about us in the press. But when the writers imply that we did this thing superficially—that makes me mad."

Equipped with that monumental collection of statistics and facts, Henry

Meyer II worked for months to design a program that his computer could digest. He was at it 100 hours a week: either holed up in a Miami motel room, or flying to Dayton for conferences with National Cash Register computer experts or conferring far into the night with Hank Kaplan on the intricacies of boxing. "My Gospel," says Meyer, "is surprising we've done as well as we have when you consider that our scientific base was as nebulous as it was. I mean, how do you analyze the 45-round fights of John L. Sullivan? Or how do you feed in data about a 'leg cut' caused by an oldtimer who was wearing hobnailed boots in the ring? Oh, it was a challenge for us."

When Meyer tries to explain precisely what "we" did to make a mechanical analysis of courage, stamina, killer instinct and various knockout patterns, a communications gap develops. Patiently and at enormous length he talks about "random number generators" and "step regressions" and "statistical reduc-

tions." He sketches line-line diagrams and probability formulae and occult symbols all over restaurant placemats and napkins, and when he is finished he takes a bite of his sandwich, surveys what he has wrought and says, "My Gospel, there must be a simpler way to explain it than that."

Still, it is a delight to listen to Henry Meyer II talk of the project, for he uses a splendid, contradictory mixture of vocabularies that combines the antiseptic terminology of computers with the gymnasium jargon of fighters. The result is newspeak/bufflegale that epitomizes both the complexities and the ludicrousness of electronic boxing.

"Of course, we dynamically programmed the bouts so that after every punch there was less go in the fighter than before. That was our deterioration factor. We had to program data on his ability to take a solid right to the head, whether he had a glass chin, how well he could rally. We had to feed in killer-musket data. Based on reasonability, we'd

continued



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weight some factors differently depending on the man's opponent. Speed, for example, would be modified depending on the speed factor of the other fighter. Courage was the No. 1 factor in importance, as it turned out. We figured that courage, killer instinct and ability to rally would remain constant no matter who a man was in the ring against. Of course, we just didn't have enough raw data to absolutely program every move or every blow. So we used the random-number generator to give us a sound application of the percentages. Actually, it was a quasi-simulation program."

Meyer tested, retested and re-tested his programming, running hundreds of fights through the computer. What eventually came out of his machine were yards of paper filled with columns of figures and letters that spelled out in round-by-round detail the electronic fate of some of history's finest fighters.

Although these readout sheets seem fairly complete, they leave enormous room for interpretations and imagination.

For one thing, the computer's list of punches is not in sequence, so Woroner and Announcer LeBow have unlimited poetic license to rearrange them as they like. They can also toss in clinches, missed punches and various dance steps around the ring to fit their own sense of drama. But the key to the semblance of authenticity is, as Murry describes it, "the nostalgic sound" of the crowd—the surges and shouts, the boos and the thunder that occasionally all but drown out LeBow's frantic monologue. The sounds are tapes of real fight crowds at Miami Beach Municipal Auditorium during matches there. They include the thump of the timekeeper's hand hitting the canvas during the count, the thud of fighters' footsteps and even some ughs and grunts when fighters are hit. Boos were needed, too, but Woroner found the Miami boxing crowd did not boo much, so a wrestling match was recorded for sounds of disapproval.

The actual taping of the finished broadcasts is done in shadowed secrecy.

Woroner has been adamant about taking extreme security precautions to conceal the results of his computer fights. For example, the tapes are shipped direct to bank vaults or Western Union security safes and they are not delivered to broadcasting stations until an hour or two before air time. Woroner insists that no more than half a dozen people (not including Hank Kaplan, Nat Fiencher or the Dundees) know the fight results before they are broadcast. Only he and LeBow are involved in writing the immensely detailed blow-by-blow script. There has been no big-book betting on the fights—although LeBow swears that he was offered \$50,000 by certain mysterious sources to reveal the outcome of the heavyweight tournament—so Woroner's deep anxiety about security is simply based on his desire for maximum theatrical impact. "Who'd listen to these things if they knew how they were going to end?" he asks.

The airtight secrecy reaches a point of suffocation when LeBow and Woroner

continued

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4. *Saltonstall says: "I didn't believe in life insurance until I saw the 1967 American Life Plan winner. He already had a good life insurance program."*



PHOTO BY STEPHEN HERRIS

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IN THIS CORNER *continued*

do the actual broadcasts. It happens at night in Woroner's tiny studio, long after eavesdropping secretaries or curious bank employees have departed. Woroner, LeBow and Frank Linale, the master recordist who manipulates the controls and sound effects, do not exactly come to the office wearing false beards. But there is an air of skulduggery about it all. Before the taping begins, Murry checks the area for intruders, then locks the studio doors for the night's big fight. Woroner and LeBow are seated at microphones in a closet-sized room lined with shelves containing old tapes of such things as porpoise and cicada sounds. Frank Linale is ready at the control board. He switches on his recording equipment, and the low babbling sound of an enthusiastic auditorium crowd fills the room.

The fight on this particular night is the Harry Greb-Tony Zale affair, the eighth of the initial pairings in the middleweight tournament. The voice of Murry Woroner bursts into the microphone: "Through the incredible speed and scientific advance of modern computer technology, it's the All-Time Middleweight Tournament, presented in part by Ford. . . ."

There is the sound of a computer, a slight surge in the crowd sounds and Murry shouts about how "14,000 seats are jammed full" in Boston Garden for this "dream fight." Then he introduces his colleague: "And here's a guy who can really tell you . . . Guy LeBow!" Hunched over his script and with the computer readouts handy at his elbow, LeBow launches into cat-tat-tat lingo, the ripe and raucous prose of fight announcers from radio immemorial: "Tonight—probably two of the most legendary men to ever don a pair of gloves! If courage is a part of greatness in the ring, they've got that! If it's ability to punch, they've got that! If it's speed. . . ." The pace of the hokum picks up. There are interviews with Nat Fleischer, Jack Kearns Jr., Sugar Ray Robinson, Carmen Basilio. All pick Greb to win. Zale picks himself, saying, "Well, I tell you, I've always felt this way: anybody who I've fought I figured I could win. No matter who it was. I never had a doubt I couldn't handle 'em. . . ." There are four breaks for commercials before the fight begins. (Woroner guarantees 12 breaks no matter how long the fight and makes up for short-bout problems

by expanding pre- or post-fight palaver.)

There are many stop-and-start delays as Woroner and LeBow muffle words or paper rattles near the mike. At last there is the buzzer and the bell for the first round. As Harry Greb, dead now for 42 years, rises from his stool, an excited Guy LeBow cries out, "This is my first look at Harry Greb. . . ." The fighters begin to mix it up at an intense pace. Greb hits Zale ferociously from the start, cutting his mouth before the first round is half over, but LeBow flubs a word or two and says, "Sorry about that. From the top." Four or five times the first round is repeated, and at the end of it Zale is bleeding badly—with all the retakes he has probably been hit 85 times by now. Guy LeBow is streaming sweat and he is a bit pale, his lips are glistening from the moisture built up during his rapid-fire delivery. Only Harry Greb is fresh and lively.

LeBow looks up from his script and explains, "I'm still trying to get the rhythm, the tempo of these fellows. It takes a while to pick up the feel of their patterns." And Frank Linale says knowingly, "He's like a great trumpet player. It takes a little while to get his lip warmed up."

In the second round Zale's mouth is bleeding freely, and LeBow tells his audience that Tony must be careful now because swallowing blood can "make for a sick stomach situation." They have to do that round over three times or so because saying "sick stomach situation" very rapidly without blowing the pronunciation is enormously hard to do. But LeBow is as the swing of the fight now; he has the tempo, and where it has taken well over two hours to cut the prefight show and the first two rounds, the rest will smooth out and go more quickly. But it does take its toll on LeBow, who does not eat anything for several hours before a taping session. "These middleweights throw so many more punches than the heavyweights," he sighs. "They're so much quicker. I nearly passed out after just two rounds of one fight." But he is all right now. And though the outcome of the Greb-Zale fight must remain a secret until it is broadcast on November 18, suffice it to say that Zale was in trouble early, although Guy LeBow was getting stronger with every word.

It is LeBow's high-tension re-creation,

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plus the immense air of realism added by sound effects, that make Murry Woroner's artificial fights good entertainment. As far as being anything particularly significant as a final alltime settlement of a million alltime barroom debates over who was the alltime greatest, Murry himself admits: "We'd be nuts if we said this was the be-all and end-all of everyone's arguments. All we've really done is start more arguments." True enough. (One such argument happens to be with Muhammad Ali, who recently filed a \$1 million suit against Woroner Productions on grounds that he had been defamed because the NCR 315 made him a loser to Jim Jeffries.) Indeed, Murry says quite candidly, "We didn't even necessarily settle the championship of the NCR 315 for all time. If we'd had differing pairings at the start of the tournament, we might well have had a different champion just as you would in a real tournament. It wouldn't always be Marciano."

So even in the rigid world of analytical engines, the truth is no more than an arbitrary assortment of data, arbitrarily judged. But be it for truth or controversy, the football series is already in the works, and Henry Meyer II is murmuring about "fumble factors" and weather conditions. "My Gospel," he says, "the variables are fantastic."

The marriage of mythical competition and computers is hardly past the honeymoon stage, for Murry Woroner is thinking hard. Could Bobby Jones beat Jack Nicklaus? How about the 1932 Yankees vs. the 1967 Cardinals? Bill Tilden vs. Jack Kramer? A world soccer tournament in multiple languages? "And we could do more than sports," cries Woroner. "Much more Wars! Hitler's Germany against the Roman Empire! Napoleon versus Alexander the Great! How about election campaigns? George Washington versus Franklin Roosevelt! Abraham Lincoln against George Wallace! And debates? Socrates takes on Karl Marx! Thoreau against Jean-Paul Sartre! Why not? Why not?"

Why not, indeed? Although Murry Woroner has not thought of it yet, certainly he will realize there is just one chance for the alltime final: for alltime tournaments. Jehovah wrestles the Devil! The winner gets the cherry and all the whipped cream in Lake Erie. **END**



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SCULPTURE BY NTOLI TARANTUA

CRACKS IN THE GOLDEN FACADE

by **TEX MAULE**

Professional football, approaching its 50th year on the American sports scene, has reached early middle age in enviable condition. In 1968 it appears sound, solvent and secure. More than three million people will have watched exhibition games even before the season gets under way, and another eight or nine million will crowd the nation's stadiums before Super Bowl ends the show in January.

Season ticket sales have boomed in both leagues, and the NFL, having played to more than 88% of park capacity in 1967, will near season-long sellouts in all of its parks this year. The AFL, spurred by the surprising success of its clubs against the older league in the preseason games, will probably enjoy an even healthier increase in season attendance. Television networks have vied with one another in showering money on the teams for the privilege of saturating the sets of the nation with pro football.

The National Football League even operates its own concessions, in effect, with NFL Properties, an organization which licenses toy franchises and product endorsements on a league-wide scale. The money goes to the league and to the players. It does not amount to much, but every little bit helps. All in all, the empire Commissioner Pete Rozelle surveys from a corner office in Rockefeller Center seems sounder than the gold standard, with a future assured of continuing success.

"Seems" is the operative word. For the fact is pro football could conceivably become a victim of that very success. Capacity crowds and TV's top dollar are, oddly enough, portents of fiscal difficulty. The player strike that slowed NFL teams in their preparation for the 1968 season (and probably accounted for the early success of the better-prepared AFL clubs in preseason games against the NFL) cost the NFL several sacks of gold in added pension benefits, pay for exhibition games and higher payrolls.

The Los Angeles Rams, coming off a 1967 season which was by all odds the most successful in the club's history, cleared less than \$300,000 on a business worth over \$10 million. The Rams, while one of the more generous teams in salaries, scouting expenditures and general expense, are not out of line with the rest of pro football. The squeeze put on by the players hurt them, and it will hurt the rest of pro football, too.

The problem, of course, is that while expenses—for players, pensions, scouting and travel—are going up steadily, income is nearing a ceiling. Seat sales and TV returns are reaching the sticking point. Unlike most businesses, pro football clubs are in the unfortunate position of not being able to manufacture more of their product to meet increased demand.

Practically, there are only three avenues to more income, none of them palatable to the general public. The clubs can 1) raise ticket prices, or 2) cut their squads severely, and by so doing reduce the quality of the game or 3) try to squeeze more money from the networks. The only way the networks can afford to pay more money is by proliferation of TV games. The AFL, in its opening week of league play, put games on the home screen on Friday night, Sunday afternoon and Monday night; if the NFL matches that programming, pro football will compete with old movies for total TV time, a situation devoutly not to be desired.

The hangover from the war between the AFL and the NFL accounts for most of the current headache. Players were paid exorbitant bonuses, salaries skyrocketed and a player standard of living was created which may be difficult for the owners to maintain—let alone improve. While it is doubtful that the newly militant player association will relax its demands for more money, more benefits and bigger pensions in the near future, this may finally be pro football's only alternative to pricing itself out of business. The players are concerned with a brief 5-to-10-year earning span and, understandably, want as much as they can get. The owners have to live with the increasing payrolls year after year. The time may come eventually when the costs will be too high.

Maybe the answer lies in the formation of more clubs like Green Bay, a civicly owned, nonprofit club in which all money earned is plowed back into the franchise and the operation is truly a sport, not a business. Or maybe the players will have to look forward even beyond their pensions—to the survival of the game.

TURN PAGE FOR SCOUTING REPORTS BY TEX MAULE
AND EDWIN SHEREK ON ALL 36 MAJOR PRO TEAMS

CAPITOL DIVISION

The Cowboys will be hard to beat, with a close race for second between the Giants, Redskins and Eagles



The Dallas Cowboys have missed the glory and the money for two consecutive years, losing each time to Green Bay by a few yards and a few seconds. The Packers won the NFL title in 1966 by stopping the Cowboys on the two-yard line as the game ended, and they won again in 1967 by scoring from approximately that same spot as time was running out. This year, however, the story may be different. This may be the year the Cowboys pick up those precious few yards and seconds.

"We're either going to be a lot better or we are really going to slip," says Tom Landry, the scholarly, quiet man who has done the best job ever done with an expansion team, bringing the Cowboys to two division titles in seven years. "The attitude of this training camp has indicated we're going to be better."

The effort and the attitude should be automatic. For two years now, the Cowboys have snuffed at the \$25,000 plus that awaits the NFL champion and have come away with only a fraction of it—the \$5,000 or so that goes to the runner-up. Mere tipping money. Looking forward to the big payoff this year, the Cowboy players came to camp in shape. "We had only two guys who couldn't make their time in the mile run," Landry said. "And they didn't miss enough to matter."

The Cowboys won their conference title last year with Don Meredith, their quarterback, suffering a variety of injuries during most of the season. He appeared healthy when he reported to the Thousand Oaks (Calif.) training camp, although it was rumored that he was one of the two Cowboys who failed to finish the mile under the six minutes required for backs.

Meredith, at his best, is one of the four or five championship quarterbacks in pro football. He has a strong arm and he is able to hit the square-out pat-

terns which test accuracy, as well as the long shoots which test timing. He is an intelligent signal caller and has, in full measure, the charisma which a quarterback needs to lead a team. He has been well battered in previous years and has shown he can take the punishment without letting it affect his poise. If he escapes injury and plays at the level he is capable of, which is high, the Cowboys could beat the Packers—or whoever—for the NFL title.

They should not have too much trouble reaching the championship game even if Meredith happens to get hurt. Craig Morton and Jerry Rhyme constitute the deepest reserve of quality quarterbacks in football. As if this were not enough, the sensation of the early weeks in Thousand Oaks was Roger Staubach, the old Navy All-America who belongs to the Cowboys and will be available next year. Staubach was superb.

Meredith will be protected by a sound offensive line. Ralph Neely, the brilliant offensive tackle who was crippled by injury most of the 1967 season, is ready. Guard Leon Donohue is also back, helped by off-season surgery. Donohue and Neely played side by side in 1967 and had only two good legs between them. Dave Manders, who was on the Pro Bowl team at center after the 1966 season, missed all of 1967, Mike Connelly filling in for him. The Cowboy offensive line, if the stitches hold, should be one of the best in football this year.

The running backs will be the same, although the rapid development of Craig Baynham may push Dan Reeves at one spot. Don Perkins, who is a politician in New Mexico, remains, in the eyes of Dallas Texans, the best fullback around. He blocks like a demon and has learned to break tackles, too, although he is not big as fullbacks go. "Perk has great stability, and he's the best pass protector in the league," Landry says. The Cowboys have good young runners behind the first three, including Walt Garrison and Les Shy.

The retirement of veteran Frank

Clarke has left the Cowboy receiving corps without depth, but the front-line catchers—Bob Hayes, Lance Rentzel and Pettus Norman—are all back. Pete Gent was moved over to tight end to help out there. Two top draft choices will be working for pass-catching jobs and should make it. They are Dennis Homan of Alabama, an All-America, and David McDaniels, a tall, second draft choice from Mississippi Valley. The Cowboys may be a bit thin in receivers, but if Homan lives up to his potential and there are no serious injuries, this will not bother them.

One big plus for the Cowboys in the receiving department is the acquisition of Raymond Berry, who retired after 11 years as an end with the Baltimore Colts to become a coach. Berry, who holds most career records for receiving in the NFL, is one of the most knowledgeable football men in the league in his specialty. "You can see the improvement in our receivers already," says Landry.

There is not much room for improvement in the Dallas defense. The front line of George Andrie, Willie Townes, Jethro Pugh and Bob Lilly is on a par with the front four of the Rams, the Green Bay four or the four on the Baltimore Colts. It was among the best units in the NFL at trapping the quarterback in 1967, and it should improve with the years.

If there is any room for improvement, it may lie in depth at the line-backing post. Jerry Tubbs has retired and now coaches the Dallas linebackers, and Landry traded Harold Hays to the San Francisco 49ers. Lee Roy Jordan, Chuck Howley and Dave Edwards are a better than average threesome, but there is little to back them up. Rookie D. D. Lewis has demonstrated ability, but he is not ready to start.

continued

The Cowboys' defense, though good, failed to rise to the occasion in final seconds against Packers last year, but 1968 may be different.



The Cowboys would trade for an experienced linebacker, if one were available.

In the secondary, most teams picked on Mike Johnson in 1967. This was partly because Mel Renfro was injured and unable to lend help. As a result, the Dallas pass defense did not control the game as well as Landry would have liked. Johnson was young—in only his second season—but he stood up to the beating well enough, and the experience should make him that much better in 1968. Cornell Green and Mike Gaechter were top quality, and they are back. With a re-

covered Renfro and a wise Johnson, the Cowboy secondary defense can match anyone.

The Cowboy kicking game was mediocre or worse in 1967, but the addition of Mike Clark, a placekicker from Pittsburgh, has made a big difference. Clark kicked a 54-yard field goal in a pre-season game, and, according to Landry, he'll be a real help with kickoffs and field goals. "He may not kick many from between the 40- and 50-yard lines," says Landry, "but he'll give you a thrill even if it misses."

The Cowboys will give you a thrill, in any case. This could be the year where they make the final yard ahead of the dying clock to go all the way.

★ NEW YORK GIANTS

When the four-division setup was made for the 16 NFL teams, a great clamor arose over where who was to play when. Finally, to assuage tempers and collect votes, it was decided that the New York Giants would play the first year (1967) in the Century Division with the Cleveland Browns, the St. Louis Cardinals and the Pittsburgh Steelers. The second year, they would trade with the New Orleans Saints and move into the Capitol Division, with the Dallas Cowboys, Philadelphia Eagles and Washington Redskins.

They should have stayed in the Century. Ironically, the Giants might conceivably have won in their old division. They are a better club than two of the teams in their new division—Washington and Philadelphia—but they do not have the remotest chance of beating out the other team, the Dallas Cowboys.

Incidentally, the Giants will play the Coastal Division in the West while the other teams in their division play the Central. Last year this might have made a difference, when the Coastal Division had three strong clubs (Los Angeles, Baltimore and San Francisco) to the Central's one (Green Bay). This year, with the improvement of Chicago and Detroit, there is little difference between divisions, except that the Giants may have a small edge in playing Atlanta instead of Minnesota.

New York improved dramatically in 1967 on the scrambling and throwing of Quarterback Fran Tarkenton and a defense which, while erratic and given to inexplicable lapses at times, was still much better than the year before. The improvement should carry on into 1968, and the Giants, for the first time in five years, should win more games than they lose.

Tarkenton had the best season he has ever had in 1967, and he should do even



The wizardry of Fran Tarkenton gave the Giants an explosive offensive, third behind the Rams and Colts in points scored last year.

better than that in 1968, after a year in which to familiarize himself with his receivers and with the Sherman system. The Giant offensive line, something of a disaster until last year, has firmed up and shows signs of real strength. An off-season trade which brought Steve Wright from the Green Bay Packers has added strength, and the Giants, for the first time, are in a position where they can even trade an offensive lineman for help elsewhere. Tarkenton needs protection less than most quarterbacks, since he is capable of evading most tacklers, but he needs a quick, alert line to block during his scrambles and he has one. Rich Buzin, a second-round draft choice from Penn State, shows tremendous potential in the offensive line.

Ernie Koy gained 704 yards rushing last year, when he reached full maturity as an NFL running back, and he should benefit from the return of Tucker Frederickson this season, if Frederickson has recovered enough from his second bout of off-season knee surgery. Randy Minnear and Allen Jacobs give the club veteran backup help if Frederickson or Koy falters.

Tarkenton's receivers will probably be the same, and terrific. Homer Jones led the league in touchdown passes caught last year and should do as well or even better. Aaron Thomas, splitting time between tight end and flanker, caught 51 passes, nine of them for touchdowns. Joe Morrison, the old reliable of the Giant offense, has played everywhere and played well. He can play in the backfield or as a flanker and be effective either way. Bob Crespino played tight end adequately when called upon last season, but an injury this year puts his status in doubt.

The big Giant improvement should come on defense. The defensive line began to jell last year with the addition of Bob Lurtsema and Bruce Anderson, and this year Allie Sherman has added Sam Silas, the ex-Pro Bowler from St. Louis, to give needed depth and a stronger pass rush. Jim Katcavage, after 12 years, still applies pressure from his defensive-end position, and his experience stabilizes the whole line.

The linebacking improved in 1967 with

the addition of Vince Costello from Cleveland and the development of Ken Avery. The trades that brought Tommy Crutcher from Green Bay and Barry Brown from Baltimore have helped this department even more and give the Giants depth at the most vital of all defensive positions. Again, here is a position where the club has so much depth that Sherman can use some of his excess for trade bait for future draft choices if he likes. Costello is a bit long in the tooth, but his encyclopedic knowledge of offenses and his sure feeling for

defense make him exceptionally valuable for a young team.

The development of youngsters Scott Eaton and Willie Williams and the acquisition of Bruce Maher from Detroit have given the Giants unaccustomed security in their secondary defense. Maher, Wendell Harris and Spider Lockhart have the experience to counterbalance the ebullience of youth, and all of the Giant pass defenders are blessed with good speed. The Giant defense could be a real surprise, if the pass rush picks up and if the linebacking lives up to promise.

continued



Tarkenton's favorite receiver is Homer Jones, whose blazing speed makes him a constant threat to go deep and break open ball games.

The development of Ron Bly, a graduate of the Giants' Westchester farm club, as a running back could solve one of the club's more pressing problems. Heretofore, the Giant runners have been useful for limited yardage and as a moving wall to protect Tarkenton in his flights of fancy scrambling, but Bly could provide speed to the outside and a game-breaking threat to the running game.

In the past he has had the rookie tendency to use up his fakes behind the line, giving defenses time to adjust and mass to meet him. He has seemed, in the early games, to have developed better discipline; he now hits the hole quickly and with authority, and the moves washed in the backfield are very useful once he has crossed the line.

Bly could provide the final string to an offensive bow which lacked nothing else. If Bly is as good as he has looked, Tarkenton can exploit as varied an armament as there is in the East.

Even with Bly, it is very doubtful that the Giants can squeeze by the talented Cowboys in the Capitol Division. But even without him, there is very little doubt that they can beat either Philadelphia or Washington. The Giants are a team on the make again.

★ WASHINGTON REDSKINS

The Washington Redskins put the ball in the air with more success and more abandon in 1967 than any other team in NFL history. Sonny Jurgensen, their portly and imperturbable quarterback, led the league in passing. Their three top receivers ranked first, second and fourth in pass receiving. And the team finished with a miserable 5-6-3 record, giving up 353 points, six more than they scored.

All the Redskins could do in 1967 was pass. While a pass offense is a *zine qua non* for pro football success, it is not a *ne plus ultra*. The Redskins' runners were feeble, their pass defenders myopic, their pass rush non-existent and their offensive line leaky. The kicking was worse than all the rest.

Now there is some doubt about the passing game. Jurgensen, who performed his passing feats with a gimpy elbow, had an operation in May and has not come back strong. By the fifth week of training, he was still not participating in regular

drills for quarterbacks and said he was looking for a "sign of improvement." "I feel a twinge after every throw," he went on. "I cannot lift the prescribed 10-pound weight in the same motion I use to pass without it hurting."

Of course, this slow recovery was apparent earlier, when the Redskins felt it incumbent to give up a first draft choice to get Gary Beban from the Rams. They could have had Beban in the draft, before Jurgensen's operation, for less than a first, since the Rams picked him up on a second. If Jurgensen's elbow does not come around, the Redskins have only Harry Theofiles, fresh off the taxi squad, and the untested Beban.

Jurgensen, a frank man on the order of the quarterback under whom he spent his salad years (Norman Van Brocklin), had his wrist slapped when he said publicly that the Redskins could not hope to be contenders in the Capitol Division without runners, but he was right. Even so, the Washington management drafted only one running back of any promise—Bob Brunet of Louisiana Tech. Still on hand are Steve Thurlow (disposed of by the New York Giants), A. D. Whitfield (ditto the Dallas Cowboys), Beban—if Graham decides he shows more promise running than throwing—and several other fellows called What's His Name?

Otto Graham may try to help the running game by moving Bobby Mitchell back to the backfield, and Mitchell, albeit a bit light to stand the gaff as a runner, should certainly help. Of course, in strengthening the running attack he would take at least that much from the passing game.

The three receivers of 1967—Mitchell, Charley Taylor and Jerry Smith—were, on the record, the best trio in the NFL. This statistic is a bit deceptive; since the Redskins had no other way to advance the ball except to throw it, Taylor, Smith and Mitchell had the most opportunities in the league to catch the ball. Jurgensen had really only two options when he knelt down in the huddle—pump or pass. Taylor caught 70 passes, Tight End Smith 67 and Mitchell 60. The Redskins have traded for another tight end—Marlin McKeever of the Minnesota Vikings. McKeever will be used primarily for his blocking ability, although he is a good receiver. With McKeever, Graham can move Smith out to flanker, put Mitchell at running back

and retain most of the air threat, plus soup up the run.

The offensive line protected Jurgensen well enough for him to live through the 1967 season, and it is back intact. The Redskins may have helped themselves when they picked up John Wooten, the disaffected Cleveland guard who was dropped by the Browns after his involvement in a racial argument just before training. Wooten at the least lends the Skins much needed depth behind an adequate interior of Jim Snowden and Mitch Johnson at tackles, Ray Schoenke and Vince Promuto at guards and excellent Len Huns at center.

Of course, the principal problem of the Redskins offense is obtaining possession of the football. Washington had the worst pass defense in the league in 1967 and next to the worst defense, overall. Sam Huff has retired, which certainly is no help. The defensive line of Carl Kammerer and Ron Snidow at ends and Joe Rutgers and Walt Barnes at tackle was good enough against runs but may have accounted in large measure for the Redskins' inability to knock down passes. The defensive backfield leaked grievously while opposing quarterbacks took their own sweet time to find receivers. Graham has tried to shore up the leaks by drafting a defensive back No. 1 (Jim Smith of Oregon) and trading for Pat Fischer of the St. Louis Cardinals. Veterans Dick Smith, Jackie Harris, Tommy Walters and Brig Owens are back again, plus an assortment of free agents, but the key to the Redskins pass defense still lies in the charge of the defensive line, which must improve radically to help out the backs.

The linebackers, says Huff, are eager but young. Chris Hanburger, at one corner, is a potential all-league backer. Ed Breeding, who replaced Huff for five games when Huff was injured last year, is bigger (236) and faster than Sam but far short of Huff on savvy. A battle is in progress for the other corner spot with Sid Williams and a rookie high-draft choice, Tom Rousell, in the running.

The Redskins kicking game was as ineffectual as any other segment last year. Charlie Gogolak, the soccer-style kicker, pulled a muscle early and sat out most of the year. He and five other kickers hit a paltry seven of 26 field-goal attempts, failed to reach the goal line on

kickoffs often. Gogolak is back and, if he is healthy, he may win some of the close games the club lost in 1967.

On balance, however, the prospects for success this season are dreary. If New Orleans had stayed in the division, the Redskins might have been assured of finishing third. But the New York Giants look better than the Skins. So do the Cowboys and even the Eagles.



It may be possible for a club to be unluckier than the Philadelphia Eagles, but it is hard to imagine how. They begin the season with a bankrupt owner, a starting quarterback with a broken leg, no promising rookies, the worst defense in pro football and, lastly, an opening game against Green Bay. Their No. 2 quarterback (King Hill) came to camp overweight, and the No. 3 (John Huarte) is an AFL reject.

What all of this adds up to, of course, is disaster—a losing season. In 1967 the Eagles were 6-7-1, scoring 351 points and giving up 409. They may not do that well in 1968. Norm Sneed, the starting signal caller, broke his leg on the first play of the first exhibition game and will be out until at least midseason. Replacement Hill, even at his svelte best, has never shown championship quality as a quarterback. He has championship confidence, though.

"I feel I can take over the club and move it," he says. "I was close to becoming No. 1 last year when I broke my hand in the second exhibition game. I feel I can make the Eagles a winner." Huarte, who was released by the Boston Patriots and the New York Jets of the AFL, was recruited for Notre Dame by Eagle Coach Joe Kuharich. He made the Irish No. 1, but it is doubtful that he can do the same for Philadelphia.

The quarterback, whoever he is, will have good receivers to throw to in Gary Bullman, Mike Ditka, Fred Hill and Ben Hawkins. Hawkins, a very fast and elusive flanker, caught 59 passes for a league high total of 1,265 yards in 1967; Bullman, who has been one of the league's premier receivers for several years, was slowed by pulled hamstring muscles and caught only 36. Ditka, the Bear tradee, may have been misused on deep patterns instead of the short turnouts

thrown him in Chicago, but he caught 26 balls before being sidelined by a knee injury late in the year. They make up almost as good a trio of pass catchers as there is in the league.

The running backs are minus Timmy Brown, a potential Gale Sayers who was used only sparingly last year. Brown was traded to Baltimore for Defensive Back Alvin Haymond, one of the best punt returners in pro football, and he pinpointed the Eagles' big fault as he left. "That's fine," said Brown. "If the Eagles can ever get the other team to punt."

The Eagles' runners are big and tough, although they lack speed and breakaway power without Brown. Izzy Lang and Tom Woodshick are bullying, battering ballcarriers without real outside speed. Harry Jones, a sprinter who presently is recovering from a shoulder separation, and rookie Cyril Pinder, a second-round draft pick who is a co-holder of the University of Illinois record for the 60-yard dash, could give Philadelphia an outside threat, if Kuharich uses them. Dan Berry, who looks like Paul Hornung even to his ability to throw the option pass, could be a help later in the season if his ankle heals.

The offensive line will regret the retirement of Jim Ringo, who has given up after setting a league record by playing 182 consecutive games at center. He will be replaced by either Gene Cepetelli, a Canadian import who played out his option with Hamilton, or Dave Recher. The Eagles will be paper-thin at guard, where veteran starter Jim Skaggs is out with torn cartilage in his right knee. Jon Brooks, a No. 2 draft choice in 1967, reported overweight and was sent home and two more draft choices failed to report for one reason or another. A rookie fifth-round pick, Mark Nordquist from Pacific, who was drafted as an offensive tackle, is Skaggs's replacement. Bob Brown, who is one of the top blocking tackles in football, has a questionable knee. All in all, the Eagle offensive line must be rated very doubtful.

Most of the Philadelphia draft was designed to bolster a woefully weak defense. The first pick was Tim Rossovich, a 245-pound defensive end from Southern California, and the third choice was a teammate of his, Linebacker Adrian Young. Floyd Peters, who has played for nine years at defensive tackle in the

NFL, says, "We've got to find the combination of guys who will play every play tough, not just one series then have a mental lapse. I don't believe in wholesale shake-ups. That's like saying last year you were all wrong. But I think you'll see a few new faces on defense."

Since only the Falcons gave up more points than the Eagles in 1967, Peters' prediction seems valid. The defenders gave up 4,972 yards, ranking 14th, and the defensive line got to opposing passers only 23 times, tying for 14th with New Orleans. The line has been reorganized and the addition of Rossovich may give it more mobility, but it is a slender reed and its reserves are of poor quality.

If the pass rush was slow, the linebacking was mediocre. Dave Lloyd has been around for 10 years in the middle spot but is out with a rib injury. He might well have lost his starting job to Ike Kelley. Kelley, who is short (5'11") and light (223) but who hits with abandon and has more speed than Lloyd, is also hurt but should return early in the season. Mike Morgan played on the left side most of 1967, but he will be pressed by Young, the rookie. Harold Wells was the best of a trio of aspirants for the right-side linebacker in 1967 and will likely continue to hold down the position this year.

Haymond, who came to the club from Baltimore, should help a secondary which, considering the slow pass rush, was more to be pitied than censured in 1967. Haymond will take over at right cornerback in place of Jim Nettles. Al Nelson at the other cornerback secures that position as long as he can stay whole. In 1967 he broke his right forearm twice, once in the preseason games and again in the ninth game of the season. Nate Ramsey and Joe Scarpati return at the safety posts.

Nelson was one of 15 players to undergo surgery last season, five of whom were regulars. The list breaks down, in a manner of speaking, to eight knees, three ankles, one wrist, one shoulder, one forearm (twice) and one finger. If the Eagles can avoid wholesale injury this year, which, considering early returns, seems doubtful, they could be a little better. But with their No. 1 quarterback already *hors de combat*, their chances are slim. With luck, they can beat Washington, but they haven't a prayer against Dallas, and the New York Giants should handle them easily.

CONTINUED



CENTURY DIVISION

The Browns should win almost by default, but the Steelers could be the best long-shot bet in the entire NFL

CLEVELAND BROWNS

The Cleveland Browns, champions of the Century Division in 1967 and pauses in the playoffs, are caught up in a youth movement. They added 12 rookies to their 40-man roster last year and by necessity will add almost that many again this season. Four starters were gone before training camp began: Defensive End and Captain Paul Wiggins has retired to be an assistant coach for the San Francisco 49ers, Linebacker John Brewer retired, then signed with the New Orleans Saints, and two players, Guard John Wooten and Defensive Back Ross Fichtner, were dropped by Owner Ari Modell after Fichtner, promoting a golf tournament, failed to invite any of the Browns' Negro players and Wooten decided to make an issue of the matter.

Add to this imposing list of absences injured Ernie Green, one of the best combination runner-blocker fullbacks around, and it is obvious that the Browns will have a new look for 1968, if not necessarily a better one.

The quarterback, of course, will be the same. Gray, scholarly Frank Ryan hobbled to a surprisingly good season on two bad ankles in 1967, the ankles destroyed his mobility and made him a sitting duck for blitzers. He should be considerably better this year with the ability to run for his life added to his other skills. Behind Ryan is another veteran, acquired from the Pittsburgh Steelers. He is Bill Nelsen, and he should give the Browns at least as good backup strength as they had with Jim Nowoski. As a plus, he is much younger than Nowoski, a factor to be considered in view of Ryan's age—32. Nelsen, who was hampered by injuries during his career at Pittsburgh, has developed into

a strong backup for Ryan and adds strength at this position.

Until Ernie Green was injured in the first preseason game against the Los Angeles Rams, the Browns could reasonably claim to have the best starting backs in football. Leroy Kelly led the league in rushing with 1,205 yards, and Green added 710. Both were good receivers, as well. Green suffered a knee injury, the exact extent of which was still undetermined at the start of regular-season play. If he comes back, the Browns once more will have the most effective ground game in the East. If not, the replacements drop off sharply in quality.

The first-line pass catchers are excellent. Gary Collins at flanker, Paul Warfield at split end and Milt Moran at tight end compare with the best in football. Moran was hampered last season by injuries, but the Browns expect him to become one of the great tight ends. He is 6' 4", weighs 245, has speed enough for deep patterns and strength enough to flatten an enemy end or linebacker when he is blocking ahead of a ballcarrier. Warfield and Collins, of course, have bedeviled defensive backs as a team for four years and seem to improve from season to season.

The loss of Wooten may have done serious damage to the Cleveland offensive line, which was not too deep to begin with. John Demaris, a second-year man from Louisiana State who was a substitute tackle in 1967, has done fairly well as a replacement for Wooten, but the club lacks depth behind the starting line. Aside from Demaris, the others are all veterans who have been playing together for some time. They are Monte Clark and Dick Schafrath at the tackles, Gene Hekstern at guard and Fred Hoagins at center. Behind the starting offensive line, Collier must scratch for really capable deep strength. Injuries would hurt here.

There could be two new faces on the rush line if sophomore Jack Gregory shows enough to beat out veteran Bill Glass at end. Replacing Paul Wiggins at the other end is Marvin Upshaw, a first

draft choice from Trinity University of San Antonio. Upshaw may also contribute to the conclusion of the longest career in pro football history—that of Lou Groza. He has been handling Cleveland kickoffs, long the prerogative of the 44-year-old Groza, who is entering his 18th season as a pro. If the Browns can find a reasonably accurate place-kicker, Groza may at last hang up his kicking shoes.

The interior of the defensive line is set and solid with Jim Kaneki and Wali Johnson, both young, big and experienced. The reserve strength is good, and the Browns should have no worries here.

The linchback seems solid, too. Jim Houston and Dale Lindsey will be on the outside, with Bob Matheson in the middle. Houston, in his ninth year, lends the trio the needed wisdom; Lindsey has played three years and Matheson only one. Behind them are three highly regarded rookies: John Garlington of LSU, Wayne Meylan of Nebraska and Tom Beutler of Toledo. Meylan, at middle linebacker, seems the most impressive of the three.

The loss of Fichtner will cause considerable shuffling of defensive backs. Head Coach Blanton Collier must not only replace Fichtner, but he must find a new cornerback, as well. Mike Howell, a regular at right corner but not a good tackler, will bid for Fichtner's free-safety spot while Ben Davis, who led the NFL in punt returns last season, will be tried out at Howell's old spot. The other cornerback will likely be Ernie Barnes, who has been around quite awhile but still has speed and a sincere desire to jolt receivers. Ernie Kellermann is a veteran strong-side safety. If anyone breaks into this quartet, it probably will be Jim Bradshaw, a safety acquired from the Steelers. Reserve depth will come from a promising rookie group of Tom Schoon of Notre Dame, Al Mitchell of Morgan State and Nate James of Florida A&M.

Although Don Cockroft, a combination punter-placekicker who was on the cab squad in 1967, has been given an

Leroy Kelly's strong running—a league-leading 1,205 yards gained last year—has made the retirement of Jim Brown not easier to take.

continued

other test, it's likely that Gary Collins will do the punting again. He finished 15th in the league in 1967, but a bad knee hampered him and he is a better punter than that. Upshaw and Morin can kick field goals. In exhibition games, an AFL reject, Errol Mann, was kicking both field goals and extra points, but then the Browns cut him, indicating they still count on Groza.

The Browns should win their division

handily. If they go any farther it will be because they have heard—and heeded—Blanton Collier.

ST. LOUIS CARDINALS

With six 1967 starters missing from their defensive team, with a quarterback in only his second season and with a wide-

ly discussed racial problem to complicate matters, the St. Louis Cardinals do not appear ready to take over the leadership of the Century Division.

Couch Charley Winner is trying to rebuild a defensive unit which dropped from first in 1966 to 10th in 1967 in total yardage allowed. He has traded away the two cornerbacks—Pat Fischer and Jim Burson—and is looking for better speed at those positions because the



Cardinals were badly hurt on long touch-down passes in 1967. Not all of the fault lies with the cornerbacks, of course. The St. Louis defensive ends did not put much pressure on opposing quarterbacks, and one of them, Joe Robb, has been traded to Detroit. Sam Slaus, who made the Pro Bowl team in 1966, was an effective pass rusher in 1967, but he has gone to New York in exchange for a future draft choice. The Cardinals have veteran

Chuck Walker and two good youngsters, Fred Heron (6' 4", 250) and Bob Rowe (6' 4", 260), to work at the tackle posts. It is likely that Dave Long will take over for Robb at defensive left end. Rookie Joe Schmick of New Mexico State will be the starting defensive right end, but the Cardinal defensive line must be rated as a question mark.

The linebacking situation is no better. Ernie Clark, acquired in the trade

with Detroit, provides experience and ability on one corner. Larry Stallings, who will get weekend passes from the Army in order to play, and Dave Meggery, a six-year veteran, will share the right side.

Replacing Dale Meinert in the middle will be rookie Jamie Rivers, with Mike Strofolino, who came to the Cards from Baltimore and spent the last two seasons on the cab squad, backing him up. Rookies would provide depth here.

The Cardinals' defensive backfield once was one of the best in the league, but now only Larry Wilson and Jerry Stovall are left, and Stovall looked as if he would have to miss a couple of early games with an injured thigh. If so, Mike Barnes will take his place. A rookie from Grambling named Bob Atkins, who is 6' 3" and weighs 212, will probably start at the left cornerback position. He has tremendous speed and the reflexes needed. Either Bobby Williams or Brady Keys, who was with Pittsburgh for years, will be at the other corner.

The St. Louis offense sputtered during the last half of 1967 when young Jim Hart, forced to take over after Charley Johnson was called up for military duty, began to throw interceptions. It is reasonable to assume that the experience he gained in 1967 will make him a better quarterback this year, but quarterbacks do not develop in a year or two. Johnson hopes to use accumulated leave days to get away from the Army at least part of each week, and, if he could return, the Cardinal attack would improve considerably. But Winner, the head coach, is understandably reluctant to use a part-time quarterback, even as a back-up man. However, the rookie quarterbacks have not shown enough promise to make Winner prefer them to even a part-time Johnson.

If Hart settles down or Johnson can get loose long enough to play, they will not lack for good targets. The most dangerous tight end in the league last year was Jackie Smith, who stands 6' 4", weighs 233 and has speed. The Big Train caught 56 passes for 1,205 yards in 1967, second high in the N.F.L. Bobby Joe Con-

continued



The Cardinals' once great defensive backfield is a shambles, but Larry Wilson, here blocking a Gary Collins punt, remains a standout.

rad is back as one of the wide receivers, along with a rookie from Miami named Jerry Daanen and Dave Williams, who had flashes of real brilliance last year.

The offensive line is regarded as one of the very best. Here is one place where Winner has made no changes and needs none. Big Tackles Bob Reynolds and Ernie McMillan provide bulwarks against the charge of the defensive ends, and Winner has an assortment of guards, headed by Irv Goode on the left side of the line and Rick Sortun on the right. Veteran Guard Ken Gray, who had a knee operation in June, may be ready early in the season. Bob DeMarco is a perennial All-NFL at center.

Johnny Roland, one of the most exciting young runners in the division, has recovered completely from knee surgery, which put him on the bench at the end of the 1967 season. Before he was hurt he had run for 876 yards, fourth in the league, carrying the ball a whopping 234 times. He may get quality help from the first draft choice of the Cardinals, MacArthur Lane of Utah State. Lane, a 6-foot, 220-pounder, showed well with the All-Stars against Green Bay, running with good balance and power, and, if he can move into the Cardinal starting backfield beside Roland, the club will have a strong all-round ground threat. Prentice Gautt retired after the 1967 season, but Willis Crenshaw is back, along with Roy Shivers and Cid Edwards, a rookie out of the taxi squad, to give the Cardinals relief in the backfield. The kicking is excellent, both for field goals and kickoffs (Jim Bakken) and for punts (Chuck Latourette).

The racial problems which beset the Cardinals seem to have been solved by trades, conciliation and the creation of a players' committee of six to handle any disputes between the coaches and the squad. Chuck Drulis, who was the target of criticism by some of the St. Louis black players, is still on hand; he has gone to great pains to assure the Negro group that he was never consciously a racist, and his word in the matter has been accepted.

The team morale in training camp seemed good, and there were no untoward incidents. Unfortunately, with the best will and the finest morale in football, the Cardinals would still have trouble overcoming the handicaps of a flood of new people on defense and a still unproven quarterback on offense.

PITTSBURGH STEELERS

Anyone looking for a good long shot in the NFL should consider the Pittsburgh Steelers. Every football dynasty creates its spin-offs in assistant coaches promoted to the top job; the first spin-off from the Green Bay dynasty was Line Coach Bill Austin, who took over the Steelers two years ago and has labored mightily since. He was handicapped at first because the Steelers had spent draft choices profligately for aging veterans. Now he is beginning to reap the rewards of a sound scouting system.

For the Steelers, as for every pro club, the key to success lies in the quarterback. Austin is going with Kent Nix, a 23-year-old youngster from TCU who is in his second season. Nix sets up as quickly as any thrower in the business, and his release is lightning fast. Bill Nelsen, who started last season as the Pitt QB, threw 165 passes, was caught for a loss 22 times. Behind the same offensive line, Nix threw 268 times, was caught only eight times. In his last three games, against the formidable rush of Detroit and Green Bay and the marshmallows of Washington, he was not caught at all. He had a good rookie year, and Austin is betting on him for the future. He could be one of the great quarterbacks of the next decade. Backing him up is nothing: if Nix gets hurt, scratch the Steelers.

He will play behind an offensive line that is maturing into one of the strongest in the East. Ralph Wenzel, Bruce Van Dyke and Larry Gagner are all 24 and in their third year with the pros. Sam Davis, 23, was a rookie last year. The first draft choice of the Steelers was another offensive lineman—USC's Mike Taylor. He could bolster a good set of offensive tackles led by Fran O'Brien and Mike Haggerty. Ray Mansfield and Bob Whitlow are both capable centers.

Running behind this promising line are some equally promising backs. Veteran Earl Gros, whose career has been marred by injuries, has shown speed and the ability to bowl over tacklers when he is well. Bill Asbury, a 230-pounder in his third pro campaign, is only half a step behind him. A 210-pound sprinter from San Diego State with the unlikely name for a runner of Don Shy can provide the outside speed the Steelers need.

Shy is in his second season and, if he can learn to control his balance as he uses his speed, he could lead the Steelers in ground gaining.

The Steelers have four good, deep receivers on the flanks, with Roy Jefferson probably the best of the lot. Jefferson has been a bit erratic in the past, but he has had more good games than mediocre ones and, at 6'2", 210, he carries uncommon authority for a wide receiver. The other two veterans, J. R. Wilburn and Dick Compton, lack the speed of Marsh Cropper and Roy Jefferson, but both of them have exceptionally quick moves and sure hands.

John Hilton, the starting tight end for the Steelers, is potentially in the class of a John Mackey or a Mike Ditka. He has surprising speed for his 220 pounds, he catches well in a crowd and he has good hands. He needs to improve his blocking, but he appears to be working on it. Behind him are two good young players.

Austin is pretty well set on defense. He has a seasoned line, even after dealing John Baker to Detroit. The starters are big and wise: Ben McGee (four years' experience, 260), Chuck Hinton (four years, 260), Lloyd Voss (four years, 260) and Frank Parker (six years, 270), an ex-Brown. McGee is enormously strong, all of them are quick.

The Steelers have two-thirds of an exceptionally good set of linebackers. Bill Saul, in the middle, is a deadly tackler against the run and has increased his range against passes. Andy Russell is rated almost on a par with Green Bay's Dave Robinson on the outside, giving away only weight. But the other outside spot has not measured up. John Campbell and Red Breedlove alternate there, but Ray May, a 1967 rookie, may push both of them aside.

The secondary defense is pretty well set and pretty good. Paul Martha, a controversial first draft choice for the Steelers four years ago, is beginning to prove his worth as a free safety. Clendon Thomas is a tried and capable strong safety, if not a sensational one. Marv Woodson is set on one corner. Bob Hohn will play the other. The Steelers have no problems in their pass defense, as far as the deep men are concerned.

The Steelers are hurting when it comes to kicking. Jim Elliott handled the punting last year. He did so badly that the Steelers experimented in training with a

golf pro named Tom DeRosa. DeRosa's punts were mere chip shots, and so the Steelers gave up on him and made a trade for Bobby Waldon from Minnesota. They lost their fine placekicker, Mike Clark, to the Dallas Cowboys and now have Bill Stucky from the AFL.

Austin feels that at last the team is beginning to mature, and he may be right. Eight of the players on his offensive club, including the quarterback, were in their first or second season as pros last year. All of them are back, a little bigger, a little smarter and a little more sure of themselves. They have already made most of their mistakes and have learned their lessons. In a division with only one sound club—Cleveland—the Steelers could be a surprise.

NEW ORLEANS SAINTS

When the Saints came marching into the NFL last season, they opened with a flourish of trumpets and a roll of drums. Under the fierce goading of Coach Tom Fears, the new club won five of its six exhibition games, then managed to win three regular-season games, as well. It was a surprisingly strong start, and Fears may find it hard to provide a suitable encore in 1968, even though the club should be better—if only for experience, and for the fact that Fears has some idea where his talent lies. He has moved to shore up the big deficiency of the 1967 Saints—safety—by acquiring Ross Fichtner from the Cleveland Browns and Elbert Kimbrough from San Francisco.

"The safety spots were the glaring weaknesses last year," he says frankly. "Not only on pass defense, but on tackling as well. I could show you movies where we could have won two more games if we had had better tackling by the safeties."

There should be an improvement in the secondary. Kimbrough has taken over at strong safety, and Fichtner will play the weak safety. Dave Whitsett will be at right cornerback again, and two youngsters, John Douglas and Gene Howard, have been impressive at left corners.

Fears bolstered his linebacking, the strong point last year, with the addition of veteran John Brewer, obtained from Cleveland. Ted Davis appears to be set at one outside spot, Les Kelley at the

other. Fears has a wealth of strength with Fred Whittingham at middle backer and Brewer and Steve Stonebreaker available as backup at the other outside posts.

The New Orleans defensive line is surprisingly strong for a team in only its second season. Two big young tackles—Dave Rowe (23, 6'7", 280) and Mike Tilleman (24, 6'6", 280)—create a solid center, and Rowe is quick enough to help the pass rush. Another young giant, rookie Willie Crittendon (23, 6'5", 275) has shown enough to earn a job as the swing tackle, relieving either of the starters.

At defensive end, Doug Atkins, the ex-Bear who is beginning his 16th pro season, is playing with more gusto than he has shown in years. Brian Schweda, the young man who played end last season and was the steadiest performer on the line, is back, but he and Atkins have no proven replacement now that Dan Colchico, acquired from San Francisco, is out for the season with an injured Achilles' tendon. A rookie, Tom Carr, will spell the 38-year-old Atkins.

Fears still needs to improve the offense before the Saints can be rated as genuine contenders. An off-season trade sent Quarterback Gary Cuozzo to the Minnesota Vikings. It was a wise move for the Saints and for Cuozzo, a classical drop-back passer who relies on the line to protect him. With the Saints' line, he had no protection. Bill Kilmer, a scrambler, was by far the most effective Saint quarterback in 1967, and he has taken over the job for 1968. New Orleans has acquired Karl Sweetan from the Detroit Lions to back Kilmer up, but it is unlikely that Sweetan will unseat him.

The running backs last year were sturdy but not fast enough to pose a break-away threat. Jim Taylor, who cost New Orleans a first draft choice, is still a formidable blocker and a bristling runner for short spurts, but he is no deep threat. The most pleasant surprise during the preseason games was free agent Tony Baker, a stumpy powerful runner who carries 230 pounds on a 5'11" frame and does it with agility. He looks like an animated fireplug when he runs, but he has unshakable balance and he could make a big difference in the Saints' ground attack. Baker came up from the Des Moines Warriors of the Professional Football League of America. He led that league in rushing last

year and may lead the Saints this year.

Behind Taylor and Baker—or beside them, as the case may be—is a gaggle of competent runners, none of whom have shown exceptional ability. The Saint rushing will be sound but, saving Baker, not spectacular.

The spectacular arm of the Saint arsenal should be the air attack, where the addition of Dave Parks, whom New Orleans acquired in a trade with San Francisco, giving up Kevin Hardy and next year's first draft choice in the process, makes an already dangerous set of receivers more feared. Dan Abramowicz, the rookie whiz of 1967 who caught 50 passes for six touchdowns, will probably move to flanker, vacating the split-end spot for Parks. Monty Stuckles, another ex-49er, is slated for tight end, where Kent Kramer played last year. Stuckles is known primarily for his sure blocking, as a receiver he is limited to short passes. John Gilliam provides speedy relief for the wide men, and Ray Poage is also available, although he lacks real speed. If Kilmer, who is football's answer to a knuckleball pitcher, can get the ball to his talented catchers, the Saints should have a really good passing attack. Kilmer may be another Bobby Layne. Layne's passes sometimes traveled end over end, but they were almost always on target.

Kilmer needed his considerable running ability in 1967 to survive and probably will have to depend on his legs more than his blockers again this season. The offensive line is eager and some of it is young, but it has not developed the cohesion and thrust which mark a good line. Del Williams, in his second season at right guard, has a bright future in the NFL, and Juke Kupp, the other guard, has useful experience. Joe Wendryhowski, a five-year man, has the job at center. The tackles have been barely adequate, and an experiment in moving Crittendon to offense failed. The line does not block sharply enough to sustain a ground attack, and this puts an added burden on the passing.

One place where the Saints have no worries at all is in their kicking game. Pencil-thin Charley Durkee handles kickoffs and placekicks well, and Tom McNeil was tied for second in the NFL in punting.

The Saints are improving rather rapidly for an expansion team, but they are still a couple of years away.

CONTINUED

CENTRAL DIVISION

Improvement among the Lions, Bears and Vikings should make things tougher for the Packers, but not much



When Vincent Lombardi, having achieved all that any professional football coach could hope to achieve, decided to leave the field for the front office after the Super Bowl, he said, seriously, "The greatness of this team lies ahead of it."

Since the Green Bay Packers had just finished winning their third straight NFL championship and their second straight Super Bowl game, Lombardi might reasonably be accused of hyperbole. Actually, he was speaking the truth.

On Thursday afternoons early in the training season this year, Lombardi played golf; when he came out to practice to watch Phil Bengtson drive the club as hard as he himself did, he sat on a special bench in the sun and acquired a tan, biting his tongue. He did not interfere with Bengtson, who spent nine years as his assistant and who has not varied the Lombardi routine. Lombardi appropriated a green park bench for his own and asked equipment man Bob Noel, "Where's my bench?" whenever he appeared. Once, when he had taken off his shirt only to see a cloud hide the sun, he demanded, "Where's my sun?" No one doubts that it reappeared at once.

The team Bengtson inherited may be the best of the long series of exemplary Packer clubs. It is essentially the same as the 1967 version and, given only a normal run of injuries, it should be much better. Last season Bart Starr, playing with a swollen thumb and rib injuries in the early games, threw nine interceptions in the first two, or three times as many as he did in all of 1966. Healed, he settled down to his usual pace and threw only eight more in the next 12 games. In midseason the Pack lost its two starting running backs within five minutes when Elijah Pitts and Jim Gra-

As a runner, as a pass receiver and as a passer, Danny Anderson is beginning to give the Packers \$500,000 worth of football player.



bowski were both injured against the Baltimore Colts. Travis Williams, who returned two kick-offs for touchdowns against Cleveland, got a late start because of tonsillitis, but he is recovered now and with a year's experience should have a strong season. Herb Adderley played defensive halfback for most of last season with a separated bicep in his right arm. Minus such injuries, the Packers figure to improve on their 1967 performance. And there are other significant pluses.

At quarterback, Starr is in a class reserved for him and for John Unitas. They are the best in the business and seem likely to remain so through 1968. Behind Starr, Zeke Bratkowski is the most efficient No. 2 extant. He and Starr are close friends and spend much of their free time watching Packer movies together so that in football philosophy (and, oddly enough, in physique and personality) they are almost carbon copies. For one not familiar with the club, it would be difficult to differentiate between Starr and Brat.

In the third slot probably will be rookie Bill Stevens. "We'll carry three quarterbacks," Bengtson says. "In this day I can't conceive of getting along with fewer." Stevens is the young man sitting in the wings in the Lombardi system, a system in which there is a young man waiting quietly behind almost every veteran.

The young men have stepped up at the running-back spot, where Green Bay has what must be the strongest set of backs in all of pro football. Donny Anderson moved ahead strongly during 1967 and is running with more confidence and with the same long, loping stride which gives him such speed and maneuverability. Grabowski has lost none of his quickness since his injury. He and Anderson probably will be the Packer starters, backed up by Pitts, Williams and Chuck Mercein. Ben Wilson, acquired from the Rams, is recuperating from a March knee operation but might be healthy enough to add depth to the offensive backfield.

The receivers have not changed. Boyd Dowler, Carroll Dale and Marv Fleming started in 1967, should again in 1968, although there is more pressure on them

than on the runners. Bob Long, a promising young receiver, was traded to the Atlanta Falcons since the Packers already had Dave Dunaway and Claudis James backing up Dale and Dowler. Fleming will have to contend with the bid of Fred Carr, Green Bay's No. 1 draft

choice. Carr could force Fleming into playing up to a potential he has never reached, or replace him late in the season. Max McGee has retired and he will be missed, but, if Bengtson feels he needs another deep receiver, he can always call on Anderson and relieve the

rankford



Already loaded with runners, the Packers got a dividend in Travis Williams, whose kick-off returns have proved a touchdown threat.

congestion at running back. Blanton Collier, the Cleveland coach, says, "Anderson is not a good receiver. He's a great one."

An indication of the importance Lombardi and Bengtson have placed on the offensive line over the years is evidenced in the fact that a majority of the blocking linemen on the Packer team were first draft choices. Second-year man Bob Hyland, who is pressing Center Ken Bowman, was a first in 1967, Gale Gillingham, Francis Peay (obtained from the Giants in an off-season trade for Linebacker Tommy Crutcher and Tackle Steve Wright) and rookie Bill Lueck have all been firsts at one time or another.

Gillingham and All-NFL Jerry Kramer are set at guard, with Lueck available to back them. Veteran Offensive Tackles Bob Skoronski and Forrest Gregg will get welcome relief from Peay. Fuzzy Thurston has retired to a thriving restaurant business, but he spent most of last year behind Gillingham. As usual, the Packer offensive line is good.

The defensive line is no different. Henry Jordan and Willie Davis, the All-NFL defensive tackle and end, are growing older, but, as Davis says, they both seem to gain a step with age instead of losing one. Davis has a master's degree in marketing and a doctorate in dumping quarterbacks. Lionel Aldridge, the other end, is younger and bigger than Willie and is on his way to being as smart. Ron Kostelnik plays beside Henry Jordan at tackle and has for several years, long enough to add wisdom to his size and speed. If any of this formidable foursome should falter, Bengtson can call on 6' 7" Jim Weatherwax at tackle or massive Bob Brown at defensive end, although Brown broke his arm in practice and will miss some of the early games.

The Packer backers, led by big, balding Ray Nitschke, still rank as the best trio in pro football. Nitschke is flanked by Dave Robinson and Lee Roy Caffey, mighty good company. Behind this trio there is Phil Vandersen, who well might be a starter if he were on any team except Green Bay, and Jim Flanagan, the Pack's second draft choice in 1967. Vandersen has returned after a year with the Saints.

In the defensive backfield, three of the starters have been on one or another All-NFL team in recent years. They are Cornerbacks Adderley and Jeter and

Safety Willie Wood. The fourth regular is Tom Brown, only a cut below the others, and the fifth man is Doug Hart, who was a starter until Bob Jeter beat him out.

If there is any weakness on this club, it could be a lack of depth in the offensive line and among the receivers, but this is only a relative weakness. Most teams would be glad to trade offensive line or receiver strength with Green Bay.

Don Chandler, who gave the team good punting and placekicking, has retired. Last year Donny Anderson did most of the punting. He wasn't long, but his towering boots were seldom run back, and this year he has added length to height. To replace him, the Packers experimented with Fernando Souza, a Brazilian soccer player, but Souza, though he got length to his kicks, was unable to get the ball up fast enough to be a field-goal kicker. This means the Packers will probably fall back on Jerry Kramer, who once won a championship for Green Bay by kicking three field goals, a league record. The other possibility is Chuck Mercein.

The big question, of course, is how much difference the loss of Lombardi will make. "I haven't had as many ice breaks as this in years," Pitts said at one practice, sucking on a mouthful of chopped ice. "But we work just as hard."

They will miss Lombardi, no doubt. But not enough to make any difference on the field.



Jim Dooley has replaced George Halas as coach of the Chicago Bears and this could be the most exciting team in football to watch this season, if not the best. Not that the Halas-coached Bears were dull; they were not. But Dooley is one of the brightest and most inventive of the new crop of coaches, and his plans for a total offense for the Chicago club should give the Bears the most varied attacking stances in the league.

Halas, of course, is still very much present. The venerable owner tooted around training camp in his golf cart, but it was Dooley, with an electric loudspeaker, who ran the toughest, most demanding Bear training camp of recent years. He was the boss, and the players became aware of it quickly.

Said Johnny Morris, the little flanker who retired after 10 years with the club: "There has been more hitting in this camp than in any I have ever been in." Dooley had the club butting heads at an accelerated pace, but, when the day's work was done, he proved a somewhat more permissive master than Halas.

"He said he didn't mind if we had a couple of beers after workout," one veteran said. "Just so he didn't catch us drinking too much. And he let us stay out until midnight on Saturday instead of 11:00. Those may seem like little things, but they mean something to us."

Dooley, who had been Halas' assistant for five years, has simplified the Bear offensive system by cutting down on the options on assignments. "Where a player may have had four ways to carry out his assignment, he now has two," Dooley says. "We think this will improve our execution. We'll do more things, but we'll do them easier."

Last year as defensive coach, Dooley invented the Dooley Shift, sending in an extra defensive back in place of a linebacker in obvious passing situations. It worked out so well that the Bears held their opponents to a league low of 42.7% passes completed and, during the second half of the season, cut that to an amazing 36.7%. In the last seven games the Bears won five, tied Minnesota and lost (by four points) to Green Bay.

One of Dooley's major problems is at quarterback, where Jack Concannon has taken over from Larry Rakestraw and Rudy Bukich. Concannon is a big, rawboned young man who runs very well for a quarterback but has not yet shown that he can pass well enough. If he were a tested quarterback, Dooley's imaginative sets and moves could be effective enough to move the Bears up into Packer class.

Gale Sayers is, in effect, the Bear running attack. Dooley has plans to use him as a flanker, slot man, wide end or fullback in special situations—everything but center—so that he will be as strong a threat in every situation as he is on the few occasions when defenses can't gang up on him. But what Sayers really needs is another quality running back to diversify the Bear running attack. Ronnie Bull, Andy Livingston, Brian Piccolo, Ralph Kurek and Gary Lyle are the other backs.

Concannon has good enough receivers. Morris, who once set a league pass-

Every quarterback who plays against the Bears finds himself face to face with Middle Linebacker Dick Butkus, waiting for the ball.

catching record for one season may have gone, but Bob Jones, his replacement, has blazing speed, and so has Dick Gordon, the other wide receiver. A rookie, Cecil Turner, has shown enough to make Jones's job insecure, so the Bears are well-off for wide men. Last year the Bear tight ends caught only a total of 13 passes among them. This year Mike Hull, the team's first draft choice, will be moved from running back to tight end to bolster the position. Hull is a powerful blocker with speed enough to run deep patterns, and he will likely beat out Austin Denev, the 1967 incumbent.

Dooley's other big problem is the Bear offensive line. Bob Wetoska, a starting tackle, was operated on for shoulder trouble during the off season, and Mike Rahold, a dependable guard, retired. George Seals and Jim Cadile are fine first-string guards, but there is no depth behind them. Rookie Wayne Mass saw service in the offensive line during the preseason games, as did Randy Jackson, the left tackle. Mike Pyle, the old Yale man, is back again as center, but, even so, the offensive line looks thin.

Defense over the last few years has held the Bears up and 1968 should prove no exception. Despite the improved prospects for the attack, The Chicago front line, clustered around 300-pound Frank Cornish at tackle, is powerful, with Ed O'Bradovich and rookie Willie Holman (who has taken over for the injured Marty Amsler) at ends. Light but active Dick Evey is the other tackle, while John Johnson backs them up.

The linebackers, with Dick Butkus in the middle, are excellent. Doug Buffone, in his second year, is a fine corner linebacker, and Jim Purnell, on the other side, is as good. Loyd Phillips, who also plays defensive end, backs up Butkus.

The Bears defensive backs rate with the best in football, including Green Bay. Bennie McRae and Joe Taylor are the cornerbacks, with Richie Petitbon and Rowley Taylor at safety. All of them are fast, experienced and tough, and they have worked as a unit long enough so that they make almost no mental errors. McRae moves to linebacker and Curt Gentry takes his place on the corner in the five-back Dooley defense.

continued



Bobby Joe Green is an excellent punter, and last year the Bears benefited by acquiring an overflow placekicker from the Cowboy kicking caravan in the person of schoolteacher Mac Percival, who never played college football. Percival, who began to hit 40-yarders by the end of 1967, should be consistent this year.

An imaginative, exciting offense exploiting all the talents of Gale Sayers and the Bear receivers should put more points on the board for the Bears, and the defense is good, but Dooley, in his first season, has too many uncertainties at quarterback, in the offensive line and among his other running backs to beat out Green Bay or maybe even Detroit.



The Detroit Lions started the 1967 season by building a 17-0 lead on Green Bay in the first game of the year before settling for a 17-17 tie, then finished by thumping the New York Giants and the Minnesota Vikings. The aching need in 1967 was for a consistent, championship-quality quarterback. During the off season, Head Coach Joe Schmidt and General Manager Russ Thomas acquired Bill Munson from the Los Angeles Rams, and Munson could easily fill the need. The price was high—Receiver and Kicker Pat Studstill, Running Back Tom Watkins, veteran Quarterback Milt Plum and a first draft choice—but Munson may prove to be worth it. Before he was injured in 1965 he had been the Rams' No. 1. He has been in the league for four years, has size, poise and exceptionally keen football sense to go with a very strong and accurate arm.

In early sessions at the Lion training camp, Munson fitted the role of a savior neatly. His passes were sharp and crisp, he picked up the offense quickly and his very presence healed old wounds between Detroit's offensive and defensive units. In years past, the beleaguered and overworked defenders have barely spoken to an offensive unit, which was apt to appear only long enough to run three plays and punt, leaving the brunt of the game to the defense.

Then, shortly before the Lions' first preseason game, Munson was operated on for a calcium deposit on his shin and was unable to play in the Lions'

first two exhibition games. Still, he should be well by the start of the season. And if Munson is well, Detroit should be well. Says Tackle Alex Karras, the dean of the defenders, "This is the best team I've been with on the Detroit Lions"—a big statement, since Karras has been around for 10 years.

Joe Schmidt, the young coach of the club who played on championship Lion teams, is less effervescent. "We've improved," Schmidt says. With the retirement of Lombardi and Chicago's George Halas, the 36-year-old Schmidt is the senior head coach in the Central Division, in only his second season. "We have a better attitude, we made some good trades and our young guys have a year more experience." He waved his black cigar and smiled, "I have a year's more experience, too," he said.

The best draft in pro football in 1967 and another which may prove almost as good this year has helped, too. The Lions boasted both the offensive and defensive Rookies of the Year last season in Running Back Mel Farr and Defensive Back Lem Barney, who tied for the league lead in interceptions with 10. This year they came up with Earl McCullouch, the hurdler from Southern California who caught two touchdowns passes against the Green Bay Packers in the College All-Star Game. Greg Landry, the No. 1 draft choice from Massachusetts, has shown enough promise at quarterback so that the Lions traded Karl Sweetan, a veteran quarterback who never paid off, to the New Orleans Saints.

"This is the best quarterback situation since I've been here," says Karras. "I feel like I was traded."

At the start of the training season the Lions hoped that Nick Eddy had recovered completely from knee surgery. Eddy had shown speed and power before the injury had put him on the sidelines last year. A physically fit Eddy, combined with Farr, might have given the Lions a running attack to equal Green Bay's, but, midway through August, the knee required a second operation. Eddy's future is now uncertain, and so is the Lions' second running spot. Bobby Feltz, ex-49er Dave Kopay and Bill Triplett, obtained from the Giants in a recent trade, probably will fight for the job, with Tom Nowatzke around for spot duty.

Powerful running would augment the threat of the Lion passing attack, but

the loss of Pat Studstill could damage a receiving corps which does not appear impressive. Gail Cogdill, in his ninth year, has lost a step or two but is still competent on shorter patterns. Phil Odle, a rookie from Brigham Young, has shown potential, but he is not very large. The big hope, of course, is McCullouch, who replaces Studstill. If he is as good as he looked against the Pack in the All-Star Game, the Lions will have a passing attack to match their running. McCullouch appears to have ability to distort a defense, forcing the opposing team to devote extra coverage to him. If this is true, all of the Lion receivers will benefit and, with Munson to pick the targets, the Lions could move up dramatically from the dismal 13th place they occupied in passing offense in 1967. The Detroit offensive line, rebuilt and improved last year, has the advantage of a year together and should protect Munson well and open holes for the backs.

Three of the line starters were new last year: Right Tackle Charley Bradshaw, obtained from New Orleans, Left Tackle Roger Shoals and Guard Chuck Walton, an import from Canada. All of them have returned, as has Center Ed Flanagan, a four-year man. Veteran Guard and Negotiator John Gordy, who hurt his knee and required an operation, probably will miss half the season. Bill Cottrell, Frank Gallagher and Bob Kowalkowski give the club good depth.

Ron Kramer retired at tight end, costing the club one of football's best blockers. But Jim Gibbons is another strong blocker and good receiver, and the Lions' third draft choice was Charlie Sanders, a husky youngster who figures to take over the tight end position soon.

The defense was above average in 1967. Karras is the only man left from the original foursome of Roger Brown, Darris McCord, Sam Williams and Karras, but young replacements have proved better than adequate. John Baker (acquired from Pittsburgh) or Joe Robb (from St. Louis) can replace McCord, though Baker will be out much of the year with a broken arm. Larry Hand and Jerry Rush are strong, young and quick. The line is not deep, but as long as the first four can play it could be good.

The linebackers could be good, too, but that has to be proved. Paul Nae-

meff, on one side, took over as a regular late last season, but he is young. Mike Lucet is not a Burkus or a Nitschke, but then no one except Tommy Nobis is. He is, however, a perfectly competent middle linebacker. Wayne Walker on the other side lends the trio the wisdom of his years, while Bill Swain adds good depth.

The secondary does not rate with the best, but it is solid and capable. The star, of course, is Barney, who had a sensational rookie year as a cornerback but is unlikely to do so well this season. Most good defensive backs intercept more passes in the first year than they do later, when they learn the penalty for the chances they have taken gambling on interceptions. Mike Weger and Tom Vaughan are the safeties, while veteran Dick LeBeau will be the other cornerback.

The Lions lost one of the league's better punters when they traded away Studstill, but rookie Jerry DePoyster, judging from his early form, may be a more than adequate replacement. DePoyster also placekicks, so that 1966's soccer-style discovery, Gary Yepremian, was lost in the shuffle.

All in all, this should be a far better Detroit team than those of recent years. The offense has striking power, potentially the equal of any; defense, while it does not seem to be as overpowering as the Detroit defenses of the golden years, will benefit from the occasional breathing spell that results from improved offense. There are too many ifs to say that this club can beat out a team as sound and deep as Green Bay, but, in a couple of years, maybe so.

MINNESOTA VIKINGS

Last season the Minnesota Vikings did everything well except pass, which is like saying that a swimmer can do everything but float. A pro football team with a useless air attack is not about to do much, and the Vikings didn't, although they were surprisingly close in some of the games they lost while struggling through a 3-8-3 season to finish last in the Central Division.

Coach Bud Grant, who was in his first season as head coach and who came to the club from Canada, reached back to the Canadian League for help, but

Quarterback Joe Kapp, who replaced Ron VanderKelen after the fourth game, was not the answer. He came late and had no chance to acclimate himself properly to American football. So Grant traded for Gary Cuozzo, from Baltimore via New Orleans, during the off season. Cuozzo is a disciple of John Unitas and once passed for five touchdowns against the Vikings in a game when Unitas was injured.

The Viking completion average in 1967 (44.6) was the worst in the NFL, and it seems reasonable that Cuozzo can improve on this. He will be working behind a very good offensive line which should be made even better with the addition of No. 1 draft choice, Tackle Ron Yary from Southern California. Yary got his baptism against the pros in the All-Star Game in Chicago, when he blocked on Green Bay's All-NFL Willie Davis and did better than expected.

Cuozzo, supposedly, does not have the starting job tied up, but he throws quicker and straighter and sets up faster than the other quarterbacks, so it would seem likely that he will be calling Viking signals. Unfortunately for him, even with the time given him behind the good Viking line, he may still have trouble finding receivers. The Vikings simply do not have many.

Red Phillips, the best of the Viking receivers, has retired to coach the ends for the Atlanta Falcons, and Marlin McKeever, the tight end, has been traded. Paul Flatley, who has moved to flanker after five years as the starting split end, had an off year in 1967, although Kapp gallantly explained this by saying he had made Flatley look bad by not knowing his moves or feints. To bolster the receiving corps, the Vikings obtained Art Powell, once the AFL's top pass catcher, and Rich O'Hara, a rookie from the Colts. If at 31 Powell still has the moves he had five years ago, it will improve the offense considerably. Also sure to see some action are two holdovers from last year, Split End Gene Washington and Tight End John Beasley.

The loss of Dave Oshorn, second best rusher in the league in 1967, through injury, was a severe blow. But Cuozzo or Kapp can still call on a dependable veteran in Bill Brown, the bowlegged, stumpy fullback who blocks violently and runs with abandon. Clint Jones adds a second excellent ballcarrier to a running

game which is still better than average.

Grant has said that he would like to see surer tackling from his linebackers and more interceptions from the secondary in 1968, but his defense, overall, was very good last season. The defensive line, according to Detroit's Mel Farr, was as good as the Los Angeles Rams', which is good, indeed. Alan Page, who was a rookie last year, had an exceptional season at defensive tackle after changing from defensive end. He fits in well with Tackle Paul Dickson and Ends Jim Marshall and Carl Eller to give the Vikings a startling pass rush and a rugged wall against which the opponents must run. The Vikings could use additional depth here, but Gary Larsen provides experienced backup strength at tackle and Grant need only find another adequate defensive end to supplement the starters.

The depth problem becomes more acute at linebacker, where the Vikings still have the three starters from 1967—John Kirby, Lonnar Warwick and Roy Winston—but no one to give them relief. They should be better this year than last, when all of them were hampered by nagging training-camp injuries. Reserves Jim Hargrove (Army) and Don Hansen (retired) are gone, and there are no equivalent replacements in sight. Should any of the starters be injured, the Vikings could be in serious trouble. Rookie Mike McGill from Notre Dame could develop, although he was handicapped by time wasted in the College All-Star camp.

The Viking secondary of Ed Sharockman and Earnest Mackbee at the corners and Karl Kassulke and Dale Hackbart at the safeties came up short on interceptions last season but should be better with the addition of veteran Paul Krause from Washington and rookie Charlie West from UTEP. The two new players figure to add depth and flexibility to a unit whose interception record makes them seem worse than they are. The Minnesota secondary gave up little yardage on passes that were caught, a sure sign of an alert, quick set of defensive backs. The Vikings were fourth in the league in average yardage yielded to passes in 1967.

The Vikings are likely to better their performance of 1967, but not by much. They are improved but, unluckily for them, so are the other three clubs in the Central Division.

CONTINUED

COASTAL DIVISION

The Rams and Colts will put on another high-level, one-two battle, with the 49ers a respectable third

★ LOS ANGELES RAMS

The Rams will look much the same as they did last year, which is bad news for the rest of the division. Coach George Allen, who views first-year men with a wary eye, brought only 10 rookies to camp, and, if three of them make the regular roster, it will represent a record. Few rookies have stuck with the Rams in the last two years.

"Mr. Reeves does not believe in drafting free agents, and I would prefer to work with the men who will play," Allen explains. For the first time since he took over the club two years ago, Allen is reasonably sure which men will play. In his first season as head coach he traded freely, trying to plug holes in the Ram offense and defense. When the 1967 season began, the holes were filled and the only questions remaining were whether Roman Gabriel had matured enough to carry the Rams to a championship and whether the club had discarded the defeatist attitude which had negated strong personnel in previous years. Gabriel, by the end of last season, had improved enormously, especially in the Rams' last two regular-season victories over Green Bay and Baltimore. In those games, this big, strong quarterback completed 65% of his passes, six of them for touchdowns, and he had the Rams playing with the élan of the Packers, if not quite with Green Bay's cold efficiency.

This season, however, the Rams will try to match the Packers across the board. The only battressing Allen needed was in experienced depth, and he has that now, thanks to a trade with Detroit.

"We got an ideal backup quarterback for Gabriel in Milt Plum," Allen said. "And we picked up depth where we needed it in Pat Studstill and Tom Watkins." Studstill, an exceptional punter,

turned out to add more strength to his hand than Allen had anticipated. When End Jack Snow held out during much of the training season, Allen was able to regard his absence with composure, secure in the knowledge that Studstill could replace him.

Indeed, the Ram offense, which led the league in scoring with 394 points in 1967, may be even more effective this year. The offensive line is in its second year as a unit, and it was strong last season. Gabriel has the air and the ability of a championship quarterback and, at 28, should be as good all year as he was in the second half of 1967.

Gabriel will have enough time to demonstrate what he has learned. Allen, who sets goals for his team in various categories before each season, set a blocking goal for the Ram offensive line in 1967. They were to allow opposing defenses to sack up Gabriel no more than 31 times (in 1966 the Ram quarterback had been dumped an ignominious 54 times). The Ram line not only achieved the goal but surpassed it. Gabriel was dropped only 25 times.

On defense, Allen told the Rams to hold the opposition to fewer than 200 points if they hoped to win a title. They held their opponents to 196. Other defensive goals, with the performance in parentheses: scores by Ram defense, 5 (4); opponent rushing average, 3.1 (3.1); interceptions, 30 (32); opponents' completion average, 46% (47.6); yards interceptions returned, 500 (476).

In Allen's first year as coach, the Rams made eight of the 10 goals he set for them, finishing first in the league in two categories. In 1967 they were first in four categories, and it is doubtful that they will be able to improve on that achievement in 1968. The goals obviously become self-defeating in the sense of human limitations. "The goals for 1968 are to better the performances in 1967," Allen says. If the Rams could do that,

especially on defense, they would lead the league in everything.

Realistically, they should run better. Les Josephson led the Coastal Division in rushing with 800 yards in 1967 and should be stronger. Dick Bass had an off season but showed more quickness in camp. Both Bass and Josephson will get quality help from Willie Ellison, a young back who was the Ram Rookie of the Year in '67, and from Tommy Mason, whose rookie season was 1961. Mason hobbled on bad legs in 1967, but, if he can make a comeback, the



Shoulder to shoulder and braced for the attack, the Rams' defensive unit makes a goal line stand. In 1967 the Rams allowed opponents only 196 points, lowest in the NFL.

Ram running attack should explode.

When he sets to pass, Gabriel will have no lack of targets. Studstill has been a topflight pass catcher at Detroit for the past few years and should continue to be so for the Rams. Bernie Casey, who has pulled in more than 50 passes in almost every one of his eight seasons in pro football, caught eight touchdown passes last season, as did Jack Snow at end. Massive Bill Truax is a better than adequate tight end and has good support from Dave Pritch, a third-year graduate of Notre Dame. One of the best looking of the sparse crop of Ram rookies is a speedster named Harold Jackson, who has run the 100 in 9.5 and has hands and heart to go with his speed.

When you consider the defense—and the Rams' defense is considerable—you begin with All-NFL End Deacon Jones, the key man in the celebrated Fearsome

Foursome. "He makes the whole defensive line better," a rival coach points out. "You are so much aware of him. You have to double on him a lot of the time." The other three members of the line—Merlin Olsen, Lamar Lundy and Roger Brown—are back, although Brown was battling an overweight problem in camp. In the event of injuries, the Rams have three very good young hopefuls. They are Diron Talbert, a second-year man from Texas, Dave Cahill in his third season and Gregg Schumacher, an ex-Bear who has been a taxi-squad and special-team man for the Rams. Elsewhere, the Rams defense is solid, with strong linebacking and a secondary which was better than average last year and may be improved by the addition of Ron Smith, a fast, tough defensive back acquired from Atlanta.

Jones, who was signed to a five-year

paquet beginning at \$35,000 in 1966, during the NFL-AFL hot-and-cold war, held out this summer to renegotiate the remainder of the contract. The Rams management did not budge, and Jones—who makes around \$40,000 now and gets bonuses for dumping the opposing quarterback, finally capitulated. With 29 long-term contracts on file, the Rams were not about to set a precedent.

"If Jones wants more money, it's there for the taking," one veteran said. "You can get an extra \$25,000 if you was the Super Bowl. And we can win it."



The Colts set several records during the 1967 season, the most notable being a team record for frustration. Never be-

continued





Just as he was doing 10 years ago, No. 19 of the Colts—Johnny Unitas, of course—drops back to pass, an art that time only improves.

NFL: THE WEST continued

fore in the modern history of pro football has a team won 11 games, lost only one and tied two and not finished the year sprinkling champagne on the coach and various other celebrants in the champion's dressing room. Not only did the Colts miss a championship, they didn't even win their division title. All their heroics gained them was the bitter knowledge that they were probably the best losers in NFL history. It was small consolation for the Colts, as they watched the championship game between Dallas and Green Bay, to know that they had beaten the Packers 13-10 and the Cowboys 23-17 during the regular season.

Their chances for a happier ending this year are good, but much depends on the 35-year-old arm and body of John

Unitas. Unitas, who may own every passing record in pro football by the time he retires, has said that he will play until he is 40, and in training camp he looked sharper than ever. But injury is a constant menace, although the Colts do have an experienced backup man in Earl Morrall. Because the Baltimore running game is weak, Unitas may be subjected to more punishment by enemy defenders than the good Colt offensive line might normally allow. One of the most over-worked phrases in pro football is the one most coaches use for justifying their lack of an aerial offense. "I was trying to establish a running game," the loser says. And, oddly enough, that was just what he was trying to do. As a secondary effect of establishing the running game,

he was trying to save his quarterback's life.

Upton Bell, the son of Bert Bell, is the chief talent scout for the Colts, and he has done well. The rookies who came up in Baltimore last year have covered the loss of three great veterans—End Raymond Berry, Tackle Jim Parker and Halfback Lenny Moore. The veterans were sliding last season and Bell had replacements waiting. Willie Richardson, after four years on the bench, performed almost miraculously as a wide receiver and, combined with John Mackey, the rampaging tight end, and Jimmy Orr, the flanker, gives Unitas three top-notch pass catchers. Sam Ball was no vintage Jim Parker at offensive tackle, but he was close enough. Only at halfback, where



Tight End John Mackey may not be the sporty elusive receiver as the league but, when he takes a Utaut pass, no one is harder to bring down.

Lenny Moore once performed his magic, did Bell come up short. Tom Matie, a hard-bitten, driving back who does everything a back should do, is the focal point of the Colt ground game, but Matie, though solid and dependable, is not a game breaker. He can run hard, pass on the option play, block like a demon and catch passes, but he will not make a defense twist out of shape to defend against him. Don Shula, the bright, imaginative and determined coach of the Colts, dealt a defensive back to Philadelphia for Timmy Brown. If Brown, at 31, can still fly, the Colts will be helped tremendously. If not, Baltimore will be short of running. Jerry Hill and Tony Lorak are competent, but none of the Colt runners can make

a defensive line take a second thought before teeing off in pursuit of the passer. And that split-second second thought is often the difference between an upright quarterback with the ball in the air and a supine one with a loss. Thus, Johnny U., despite his superlative skills, will be throwing under stress.

On defense the Colts are superb. Rack Volk moved into the secondary at free safety last season and did well. Bubba Smith, the man-mountain rookie at defensive end last year, will take over full-time in 1968 and, teamed with 36-year-old Orrell Brance, they give the Colts a pair of defensive ends bigger than Defensive Tackles Fred Miller and Billy Ray Smith. Veterans back up the front four with knowledge and ability.

The linebackers could be very, very good or something less than that. Dennis Gaudatz, in the middle, is better than a journeyman, less than a Butkus, Nobis or Nitschke. Don Shinnack has intercepted more passes as a corner linebacker than any linebacker who ever played in the NFL, and that tells you how long he has been around. Mike Curtis is young, excellent and frangible, Ron Porter has enormous potential, and a black-belt karate man, Bob Grant, a No. 2 draft choice from Wake Forest, is promising.

The secondary is sound, headed by bald Bobby Boyd, who may know more about pass defense than some coaches. Boyd stabilizes the deep defenders and has exemplary help in Volk, tough Len-

continued

my Lyles and Jerry Logan. This is an accomplished four, and young assistants are on hand if needed.

It would be poetic justice if the Colts, after their magnificent effort of last year, went all the way in 1968. If they won the National Football League title, it is likely that they would be able to demolish the AFL champions even more decisively than the Packers have in the last two years. AFL secondaries have never seen the likes of Johnny U.; Starr is imperturbable, impeccable and impossible to beat, but Johnny U., on a good afternoon against an AFL secondary, would be devastating.

If he survives the season, he'll very likely be in the Super Bowl. If he doesn't, the Colts will be second—or worse—in the Coastal Division. For Johnny U., and the Colts, it's a case of Run for Your Life.

SAN FRANCISCO 49ers

The player strike which kept some NFL veterans out of camp for periods ranging from two days to a week probably did more damage to the San Francisco 49ers than to any other club. The 49ers have come up with a new coach in Dick Nolan, Tom Landry's No. 1 helper at Dallas for six years. Nolan, installing the complex but efficient Dallas offenses and defenses, needed all the time he could get to indoctrinate his players.

"We lost nine days, or 18 practice sessions," Nolan said in the Santa Barbara training camp of the 49ers. "That doesn't hurt too much on a club that is set and has been using the same system for years, like, say, Green Bay or Dallas. But it will take us a long time to catch up."

Nolan and the 49ers, of course, lost Dave Parks, an All-NFL receiver who played out his option and then signed with the New Orleans Saints. The loss was assuaged to a degree when Commissioner Pete Rozelle assigned the 49ers Kevin Hardy, the giant Notre Dame lineman, and the Saints' first draft choice, plus next year's New Orleans' first draft choice, in payment for Parks. Since the Saints may finish near the bottom of the league, the 1969 first draft choice could be a valuable one.

Aside from the loss of Parks, Nolan had two major problems when he came

to the 49ers. The 49er players, over the years, have gone their own merry way under the tutelage of permissive (Buck Shaw), persuasive (Frank Albert), abusive (Red Hickey) coaches. The club has had good personnel but no sense of direction or dedication. Nolan, hoping to correct this attitude, hired all new assistants, with the exception of Y. A. Tittle, the advisory quarterback coach, and Jim Shofner, the defensive secondary coach.

The new assistants are young and eager, and they share Nolan's attitude. "I have been associated with winning teams," Dick says soberly. "I think this club has the personnel to become a title contender."

Such optimism may be condoned in a new coach, but Nolan may be overestimating his material a trifle. At the key position he has three quarterbacks trying out for the job, and he has made no differentiation between John Brodie, the incumbent, and George Mira or Steve Spurrier, who would like to unseat Brodie. "It'll be there in black and white for them to read by the time the season starts," Nolan says. "We're keeping statistics on them in games and practice, and the one who does the best job is the starting quarterback." Brodie is a good, classic drop-back quarterback who has had seasons of brilliance. Mira is an inspirational type, a scrambler and a competitor. He's short (5' 10½") and has trouble seeing over the rush from a pocket. Spurrier is almost entirely untested. He was a first draft choice in 1967 but played little. He has the size and the ability, but no experience.

The running backs are big and battle-tested, although the starters have not been effective on wide plays in the past. Ken Willard is a tremendously powerful runner with agility, and John David Crow, who seems to grow more durable with age, has great balance and running sense. Behind them is Gary Lewis, who weighs 230 pounds and has moves and speed but who has never been as good as his promise. Doug Cunningham showed flashes of power last year, and rookie Dwight Lee looks promising. The 49er running, then, could be excellent and is sure to be good.

Even with Parks gone, the 49ers will have good receivers. Dick Wincher, who led the team in receiving last year, could develop into a superstar, and Sonny Randle, from the St. Louis Cardinals, has

better than average speed, beautiful moves and the wisdom of 10 years in the league. Behind them are Kay McFarland, who has been hampered by injuries, and was out all last year, Clinton McNeil and rookie Tommie Gray, a real speedster. The receiving corps is rounded out by Bob Windsor at tight end, who replaces veteran Monty Stickles, traded to New Orleans for Defensive Back George Rose.

The offensive line is a question mark. Walter Rock, a key tackle, has said he wants to be traded into the Washington area to take care of a family business. John Thomas, an All-NFL guard in 1966, was lost in a freak injury in 1967, severing tendons in both knees in a fall. Two veterans who played in the Pro Bowl are back—Bruce Bosley at center and Howard Mudd at guard. Len Rohde is a superb tackle, and Elmer Collett, who replaced Thomas in 1967, looks strong. Thomas has done well enough in practice but has not been tested in game stress. The 49ers' first draft choice, Forrest Blue of Auburn, possibly could replace Rock. If all the ifs are answered positively, this could be the best offensive line in football.

Unless you are a real insider, you may be surprised to learn which defensive line in pro football led the league in racking the quarterback. It wasn't the Rams' Fearsome Foursome, the Cowboys', the redoubtable Packers' or the Colts'. It was San Francisco's, with Stan Hindman and Clark Miller at the ends and Roland Lakes and Charles Krueger at tackles. Krueger is 31, just in the prime of life for a tackle. The others are back and, lurking on the sidelines, there is the massive figure of Hardy, who at Notre Dame last year was considered to be the best lineman in college football. Nolan can fit him in wherever he is needed most, on either the offensive or defensive lines.

The linebackers rate high. Dave Wilcox played in the Pro Bowl in 1967; Matt Hazeltine, in the league for 13 years, should have been All-NFL many of them but, because of the 49ers' lowly estate, he has been severely underrated. Nolan gave up a draft choice to Dallas to get Harold Hays, who could be his middle backer. Ed Beard played the middle last year and is good, and second-year man Frank Nanley gives the club some depth.

The secondary may be weak at free

safety, but there is talent and experience at the other three spots. Jim Johnson and Kermit Alexander on the corners almost match Green Bay's Herb Adlerley and Bob Jeter. At strong safety, Alvin Randolph is in his third season and has improved each year. As for the free-safety problem, Johnny Fuller will get first crack at the job, although Nolan has the recently acquired Rose on hand to lend added protection. Rookie John Wortt will be around to back them both up.

The 49er kicking was miserable in 1967 but may be better this year if Tommy Davis, once the best combination field-goal kicker and punter in the business, has fully recovered from the knee operation which ruined him last year. Spurrier punted for a 37-plus yard average, not up to NFL standards.

"I need depth," Nolan said recently. "Depth and time. I'm changing the guys around, looking at them and evaluating them. But the big thing is time."

Given time, the 49ers could win their first championship of any kind, ever. But 1968 is not that time.



The time for the Atlanta Falcons, the fourth member of the Coastal Division, lies in the distant future. If you were given an Atlanta roster you might recognize a few names—Middle Linebacker Tommy Nobis, for instance. If you were from Minnesota you would remember Ron VanderKelen, who scrambled behind Fran Tarkenton for so long. Some of the other names would ring a distant, faint bell, so that you would say to yourself, "What does he do?"

Next year's roster won't have even the faintly familiar names anymore, because Head Coach Norb Hecker must make the painful switch from elderly veteran to hopeful rookie this season. It is a switch incumbent upon all expansion teams. They must hire a nucleus of veterans from the other clubs in the league in their first year, nurse them along for the second and, because of age or good drafting, dispense with most of them in the third season. This is the third season for the Falcons, and the veterans dealt out parsimoniously to them in the first season are leaving. Sam Williams, a defensive end with 10 years behind

him and a militant union man, recognized the necessity facing Hecker when he was cut. "Atlanta plans to go with the young kids," Williams said.

Starting now with the kids, Hecker can look forward to several years of frustration. Augmenting his problem is the fact that the Falcons are in what is clearly the toughest of the four NFL divisions. The only relief in sight is in the reshuffling due for the 1970 season, when the AFL and the NFL merge. Then the Falcons can look forward to sharing a division with Miami and New Orleans.

Meantime, Hecker is experimenting with VanderKelen at quarterback. VanderKelen is ideal for the job of throwing behind Atlanta's porous line. He is a scrambler and may make enough time with his feet to gain a slim margin of safety in which to throw the ball. Randy Johnson, battered through two seasons as the drop-back quarterback for the Falcons, will have it easier, if only because VanderKelen should play more than substitutes of previous years.

Fullback Junior Coffey has been almost the entire Atlanta running attack for the past two years, but last month he suffered a knee injury which will keep him out for most, if not all, of the season. Coffey's job goes to Perry Lee Dunn, who was to have been the starting halfback. That leaves a problem at halfback.

The Falcons recently traded for veteran Amos Marsh, who may help. If not, the job will probably go to one of two rookies, Bill Harris, the Falcons' 13th draft choice, or Harmon Wages, a converted quarterback. No matter how it turns out, Atlanta's running attack will be mink.

The rookie receivers, according to Coach Hecker, are the best he has ever seen. They have veteran Tommy McDonald to beat out, and Tommy is one of football's most tenacious competitors. But he may be forced to the sideline by any one of a group of good rookies: John Wright of Illinois, Rick Eber of Tulsa, Ed Larios of San Francisco State or David Ray of Alabama. Then there's Jerry Simmons, in his fourth season, and veteran Gary Barnes. Ray Ogden is a good tight end after four years, but support for him is slim. In short, the Falcon quarterbacks will have a plethora of receivers but a minimum of time in which to find them.

The offensive line, which leaked grievously in 1967, is back intact, so to speak. Youngsters are pressing at most posi-

tions, but it is not likely that the Falcon linemen, no matter who is playing, will give Johnson much time or save VanderKelen the need to scramble.

The defensive line, unhappily, will have rookies at two positions. Claude Humphrey, 255 pounds, of Tennessee A&I, was the Falcons' No. 1 draft choice and should play at left end. Carlton Dabney, the second-round draft choice from Morgan State, is definitely set to start at tackle. A third-year tradee from Min-

MAULE'S PICKS

CAPITOL DIVISION

Dallas

CENTURY DIVISION

Cleveland

CENTRAL DIVISION

Green Bay

COASTAL DIVISION

Baltimore

EASTERN CONFERENCE

Dallas

WESTERN CONFERENCE

Green Bay

NFL CHAMPIONSHIP

Dallas

nesota who played in only one game for the Vikings last year, Jerry Shay, will be the other end, and four-year veteran Jim Norton will start at left tackle, rounding out a rather shaky front four.

Last year the club's defense was made up in large part of the Awesome Onesome—Middle Linebacker Tommy Nobis. There is no reason to think it will be much different in 1968. Nobis has Marion Rushing and Ralph Heck on his flanks and rookies behind them.

The secondary is competent but beset by receivers who take what seems like hours wandering around in search of a free path. Lee Calland and Ken Reeves are good but harried cornerbacks. Jerry Richardson, probably the best of the Falcon deep defenders, has quit, but Nick Rassas and Bob Ruggle can do well enough, if they don't have to do it too long.

If the Falcons' state sounds a perilous one, that is only because it is. For the Coastal Division, the march through Georgia should be a cakewalk.

CONTINUED

AFL

WESTERN DIVISION

The Raiders are again the class of the West, but the ever-dangerous Chiefs could make a good run for it



**OAKLAND
RAIDERS**

If it is credible to say that a team which won 13 of its 14 games last season had any very serious weakness—other than an inability to beat Green Bay in the Super Bowl—then let it be said that the only thing Oakland really lacked was an outside pass receiver with exceptional speed. A few years ago a sprinter at either flanker or split end in professional football was something of a freak, a fellow regarded as a desperate measure or as a luxury item. They came and went, usually without having caught a pass or touched a linebacker on a crackback block. But now a truly fast outside receiver is a necessity for opening opposing defenses. A good team can hardly get by without one, although the Raiders managed to do so by establishing a sound running game, completing 59 passes to the fullback and playing defense in a style that caused that unit to be called The Eleven Angry Men.

This year the Raiders may have cured themselves. In fact, they may have become fairly wealthy in outside receivers with speed, even though one of the two candidates has been around for several seasons without ever having quite made it and the other would rather not be an outside receiver at all. Warren Wells signed with Detroit in 1964, did two years in the military, was released by Detroit and picked up by Kansas City in 1967, was quickly sold by the Chiefs to the speed-hungry Raiders after last season's exhibition game. He played little for Oakland, catching only 13 passes. But when he did get his hands on the ball he was a marvel. Of his 13 catches, six went for touchdowns. The average distance per reception was 23.2 yards, a remarkable figure. Oakland Coach John Rauch had a close look at Wells in pre-season games this year, and Wells has had some brilliant performances. If he can keep it up, the Raider offense will be greatly improved.

However much Rauch might be counting on Wells, there is at least an equal dependence on a rookie who was Oakland's No. 1 draft choice. Eldridge Dickey was a quarterback at Tennessee State,

and many scouts believed he might become the first black quarterback to play as a regular in professional football. Dickey also believed it, and he still does. In college he passed for 6,628 yards and 74 touchdowns while his team was winning 34, losing five and tying one. At 6' 2" and 198 pounds, Dickey is a superior athlete. Rauch already has three quarterbacks—with veterans Cotton Davidson and George Rhoads backing up the young Lamonga—and has used Dickey as a flanker. "I realize it takes a long time to become a good pro quarterback," says Dickey. "I'm willing to play flanker if I can help the club, but I want a tryout at quarterback, too."

Oakland's lack of speed should not be interpreted to mean its passing game is helpless. Far from it. Fullback Hewritt Dixon was fifth in the league in total catches, showing his background as a former tight end. Running Back Clem Daniels, out for much of the year with an injured ankle, is another good receiver. And Billy Cannon, the Heisman Trophy halfback of 1959, has become a spectacular tight end. Last year he caught 32 passes for 629 yards, and he scored 10 touchdowns to lead the club.

Oakland's most effective veteran outside receiver is Fred Biletnikoff, whose speed is somewhat underrated. Biletnikoff relies on deception and on the ability to hold the ball once it reaches him, but he must be moving faster than he seems to be. Last season his 40 catches produced 876 yards for a 21.9 average, which is a lot of ground to cover for a man who is thought of as having mediocre speed. The other veteran outside receiver, Bill Miller, had been cut twice by Oakland after having played for the Texans and the Bills. But last year he finally became a starter, caught 38 passes and was the Raiders' most productive receiver in the Super Bowl.

Ironically, the Oakland passing game did not really become versatile until Davis traded Art Powell, who had been the Raiders' finest receiver and one of the best in the league, to Buffalo for Lamonga. Rather than having Powell to depend on, Lamonga was forced to vary his targets. After four seasons as Jack Kemp's understudy at Buffalo, Lamonga was ready to become a star. He

continues

Darryl Lamonga, voted the AFL's Most Valuable Player last year, hands off to Hewritt Dixon, whose value became immeasurable after the Raiders' top runner, Clem Daniels, broke an ankle.



topped the AFL in touchdown passes with 30 and had the lowest percentage of interceptions while finishing as the league's leading passer. Lamonia has the size—6' 3" and 215 pounds—that coaches like in quarterbacks, and he is certainly not short on assurance. "We'll be trying new things this season, things I couldn't experiment with last season because I had a tough enough time just learning the basic offense," says Lamonia. "Now we've gone through our first full season together. We'll know each other's moves. Our plays should be sharper. We'll be more flexible. With Clem Daniels able to run again, he'll give us that extra speed. I'm more excited now than I was about the club last year. We know we can win again. Every guy on the team feels it."

If Daniels can indeed run again with his old style—good enough to make him the all-time AFL rushing leader, the Raiders will add further dimension to their offense. But Daniels was limping in the early work and may be less than 90% of himself. That is still superior to most. When he was hurt last season he had already gained 575 yards rushing. To take his place, the Raiders had tough Pete Banaszak, a better blocker than Daniels, but slower. The other running back last year was Larry Todd, who broke in as a rookie in 1965 by gaining 149 yards in 20 carries against Houston but never again came close to that sort of performance. However, all three veteran running backs could be supplanted by Charlie Smith of Utah. Smith, who weighs 200 pounds, has run the 100-yard dash in 9.6. "He is easily the best runner we have ever had in camp as a rookie," says Al Davis. "He could be an outstanding back."

Oakland's offensive line is still improving despite the fact that Center Jim Otto and Guard Wayne Hawkins are in their ninth seasons. Tackles Harry Schuh and Bob Svihus are entering their fourth seasons, and Left Guard Gene Upshaw, who is remarkably fast for his 255 pounds, had a fantastic year for a newcomer. Defensively, Oakland missed the goal set by Rauch but still led the AFL in 19 categories. If Tackle Tom Keating, out of exhibition games with a torn Achilles' tendon, returns to form, the defense should be as stubborn as ever. "We told our defense if we could be the team with the least number of points scored against us, we would be in con-

tention," Rauch said. "Actually, Houston was the least scored upon. But it is also important how you keep your poise after giving up a touchdown. A quick score can crack open a game. We didn't allow any easy touchdowns. Every opponent had to work hard for its points." In contrast, the defense, sparked by Middle Linebacker Dan Connors, repeatedly came up with fumble recoveries and pass interceptions. The front four of Keating, Dan Birdwell, Ike Lassiter and Ben Davidson threw opposing passers 67 times for 666 yards in losses. Cornerbacks Kent McClaughan and Willie Brown are as good as any pair in the AFL, and there is depth in the secondary, especially with the addition of rookie George Atkinson, a seventh draft choice who looks like a winner. The Raiders have developed into the AFL's best team, with good depth. Still developing, they may be a couple of years away from their full potential. "It's a young team, and I think we are capable of being a better one than last season," Rauch says. "We know we have improved our personnel."

With one Super Bowl already behind them, the Raiders are preparing for another. And, they feel, another and another and another.

KANSAS CITY CHIEFS

Oakland's road to Miami may not be as smooth this season as it was last. The Kansas City Chiefs—the AFL's first Super Bowl representatives—are capable of making it back again if a number of questionable spots are filled and there is no repetition of the injuries that struck in 1967.

Kansas City has the nucleus of a strong club, beginning with Quarterback Len Dawson, 33, who is consistently near the top of the league in accuracy and in touchdown passes. Dawson needs time to throw the ball and often gets it by operating from a moving pocket. One of his favorite targets is Flanker Otis Taylor, who has fine speed and is a dangerous runner. Gloster Richardson and Frank Pitts, working the opposite side from Taylor after the retirement of Chris Burford, who refused to go to Cincinnati in the expansion draft, are very fast. Tight End Fred Arbanis is an excellent blocker and a good receiver.

The Chiefs have been looking for

The Chiefs' Noland Smith is a mere child in a man's game, standing 5' 6" and weighing 154, but at returning kickoffs, he is a giant.

depth in their running game, which Stram prefers to keep in nearly equal proportion to the passing. The runners available are good if they can stay well. Mike Garrett can break open a game in one thrust, and Curtis McClintock, when he recovers from a broken cheekbone, is a reliable blocker. Wendell Hayes has looked good filling in for McClintock.

The offensive line, wrecked by injuries and hampered by a lack of mobility, has been a main weak point at Kansas City. The Chiefs used their first draft choice to select Maurice Moorman and spent a first-round bonus choice—gained from Houston—to nab George Daney, both of whom will be tried at guard behind Curt Merz, who has recovered from a back injury. Veteran Center Jon Gilliam has retired because of a bad knee, and former all-league Linebacker E. J. Holub, also a victim of injured knees, has moved into that spot ahead of Wayne Frazier and Mike Hudock. Jim Tyrer and Dave Hall at tackles and Ed Budde at left guard have discouraged draftees from winning their jobs for the past five years.

Another problem at Kansas City is the defensive backfield. Left Cornerback Fred Williamson, a Super Bowl starter, was released. Safety Bobby Hunt was picked by Cincinnati. Stram has installed a free-safety defense and has assigned the ball-chasing job to veteran Johnny Robinson. Emmitt Thomas and Goldie Sellers, two speedsters, are competing at left corner, and Willie Mitchell is at the right. But the secondary remains uncertain. Bobby Bell, slowed last year by ailing ankles, is a fixture at left linebacker. The other two linebackers are in doubt. Jim Lynch and Willie Lanier are struggling for the middle position held by Sherrill Hendrick until he was summoned to Cincinnati. Chuck Hurston has moved from defensive end, where his 240 pounds were not enough, and is battling Bud Abell for the right linebacker job occupied for years by Holub.

The defensive line is three-fourths set. All-league Jerry Mays is at left end, and the tackles are two huge ones—Buck Buchanan and Ernie Ladd. For a while, Ladd had threatened to retire and continue his wrestling career, but he showed



up in camp and, according to Stram, worked hard. "Ernie is a misunderstood person," says Stram. "He has been hustling like a rookie." At right end the job is between the team's top choice in the first combined draft, Eugene Trosch, and former bonus player Aaron Brown, who was tried last season as a fullback. Field-goal Kicker Jan Stenerud, Punter Jerrell Wilson and Kick Returner Nolan Smith give the Chiefs added strength.

"This team has always been lacking something in the past," says Tyrer, one of four Kansas City captains. "I have never been able to put my finger on it. Maybe this year we can centralize the team into one body, get everything working together and answer a lot of questions. There has always been talk about our great talent and why we haven't done much with it. We'd like to win and put the monkey on somebody else's back."

SAN DIEGO CHARGERS

One other club has a chance at the Western Division championship, but it is likely that by the end of the season the San Diego Chargers will be spoilers rather than serious contenders. Last year the Chargers had an 8-1-1 beginning before the defense fell apart. Defense is the trouble again. Defensive coordinator Tom Bass resigned on the evening of the final game last year and has since joined Paul Brown's staff at Cincinnati. The new defensive coach at San Diego is Chuck Weber, who had been directing the wild, here-I-come-ready-or-not defenses at Boston. Weber has installed a free-safety system not favored by Bass. "I just can't believe our pass defenders are as bad as they looked last year," says Charger Coach Sid Gillman. Both of San Diego's first draft choices went to the defensive unit—Tackle Russ Washington and Cornerback Jim Hill.

Pass defense begins with a good rush, and Gillman is hoping for an improvement after switching Steve DeLong from left end to right. DeLong is a left-hander and uses a left-hander's stance. From the right he can take on an opponent with his left arm and push off quicker toward the quarterback. Houston Ridge, tall and extremely strong, was a tackle last season but has been transferred to

left defensive end. "He can be a great, great defensive end," says Defensive Line Coach O. A. Phillips. Ridge is by far the fastest of the linemen and is faster than some of the backs. One tackle is Ron Billingsley. The other could be Scott Appleton, though he is being pressed hard by Washington, who checked into the Charger camp weighing 323.

Bobby Howard will play at left corner if Hill does not beat him out. Speedy Duncan, a fine kick returner, is at right corner, and Kenny Graham is set at strong safety. A 16th draft choice, Dick Farley, may be the free safety. In San Diego's second scrimmage this year with New Orleans—a series that turned into a brawl that floored Gillman, literally—Farley intercepted three passes against the Saints' rookies. Last year Joe Bezu-champ led the Chargers in interceptions with three, which tied him for 30th in the AFL. The linebacking is thin, with Frank Buncom gone to Cincinnati and John Baker retired. Rick Redman has moved to the right side, Chuck Allen has returned to the middle and Jeff Staggs is at the left. However, Allen has a history of injuries and weighs only 215. If he is hurt again and Redman goes back to the middle, there is no one of proved quality to play on the right.

But if the Chargers see gloom looming in their defense, the offense changes them rapidly to smiles. Gillman predicts Quarterback John Hadl will have his finest year, and that is saying quite a lot. Last season Hadl passed for 3,365 yards and 24 touchdowns, both San Diego records. Since becoming a starter midway through the 1964 season, he has thrown for 83 touchdowns. He was free this year of the sore arm that handicapped him early last season, and Gillman held him out of some exhibition-game duty. Should Hadl be injured, the Chargers would be in deep trouble, since they have only inexperienced Jon Brittenum to back him up.

For receivers, Hadl has three of the best. Tight End Willie Frazier, big and fast, established an AFL record for his position last year by catching 57 passes and led the Chargers in touchdowns with 10. "He can be as good as he wants to be," says Gillman. Jacques MacKinnon stands ready when Frazier isn't. Split End Gary Garrison caught 44 passes, has speed and excellent moves. And then there is Lance Alworth. For the last five seasons Alworth has gained more than

6,000 yards and has caught 60 touchdown passes. Whenever there is an argument over the identity of the best receiver in either league, his name is either at or near the top. Recently, Commissioner Pete Rozelle, in what may have been a slip of the tongue, referred to New Orleans End Dave Parks as the best receiver in pro football, next to Lance Alworth. Alworth is very fast, has astonishing jumping ability and superb hands. His only flaw is a tendency toward leg injuries. Last year Alworth missed three games and was partially disabled for three others but still caught 52 passes for 1,010 yards. When Alworth is healthy, the Chargers have the ability to score on any play. Two rookies—Ken Dyer and Lane Fenner—also show promise as outside receivers. The 6'3" Fenner has been compared by Gillman to Boyd Dowler of the Packers.

San Diego has six veteran running backs in Brad Hubbert, Dick Post, Jim Allison, Paul Lowe, Gene Foster and Russ Smith. Hubbert, who served three years in the Marines, came to camp last season as a 26-year-old free agent and was a starter by the third game. He is fast enough to have run 54 and 80 yards on successive carries in the final game against the Jets, and he breaks tackles with tremendous power. Teaming with Hubbert as running back is little Dick Post, another surprising discovery. Post, 5'9" and 190 pounds, was a reserve flanker until Paul Lowe was hurt. Given an opportunity to run with the ball, Post astounded the league.

"At Houston (in college) I was an inside runner," he says. "As a pro I had to learn to go outside. The whole year was a dream. If you think of everything you ever wanted and then had it all come true, that's what happened to me." Post led the Chargers in rushing with 663 yards. He hurt his knee but kept playing. He had knee surgery in early January, was put into a cast for six weeks and then began a conditioning program of running and weight lifting. By June he was running better than ever. It is claimed that Post ran the 100 in 9.6 before reporting to camp. If he came even close, he is fast enough to provide the Chargers with an outside threat.

The offensive line protected Hadl so well that he was thrown for losses only nine times all season. Left Tackle Ernie Wright, a good pass blocker, has gone to Cincinnati. His replacement is Terry

Owens, who now weighs 270, up nearly 50 pounds since his 1966 rookie season. Owens is a strong in-line blocker. Gary Kirner is at left guard and Sam Grunstein at center. The Chargers are a right-handed running club with Walt Sweeney at right guard and Ron Mix at right tackle. They could use more depth here.

Regular Placekicker Dick Van Raap-horst is gone, but the Chargers should not miss him. Rookie Dennis Pardee was doing all the kicking in preseason games and was doing it well.

DENVER BRONCOS

Last year, after a good beginning, the Broncos gave up 5,204 yards on defense while gaining only 2,947 on offense. That prompted Coach Lou Saban to continue his housecleaning and rebuilding, and it gave Steve Tensi, who was among the Denver quarterbacks thrown for losses 56 times, the idea of taking boxing lessons. "I was working out at the gym and got to watching this boxer and finally asked him if I could work with him," says Tensi. "We sparred for three weeks, and I think it helped my quickness." But in a preseason game against San Francisco, Tensi proved he is still not quick enough, getting snowed under by a 49er blitz and coming up with a broken collarbone. Tensi will be out for at least half the season, and with him will go any chance Denver may have had of making the Western Division a four-team contest. In Tensi's place the Broncos will use Jim LeClair, a second-year man who didn't even play in high school, and John McCormick, who is attempting a comeback after a year's retirement. The Denver quarterbacks will be throwing to Al Denison, a speedster who caught 11 touchdown passes last year. The other wide receiver is Eric Crabtree, who caught 46 passes in 1987. Backing them is Bob Scarpetto, who has led both leagues in punting for two seasons. Tight end Tom Beer has lost 10 pounds, down to 230, and should be more adept at getting away from linebackers.

At running back the Broncos have Floyd Little, the Syracuse All-America now entering his second season. The rest of the running-back picture is not in focus, just as it is difficult to get a clear idea of other areas of the Bronco or-

ganization. The offensive line, which was not good last year, has a nucleus of Tackles Sam Brunelli and Tom Cichowski, Guards George Goeddeke and Bob Young and Center Larry Kaminski. Several newcomers could wind up as starters, including No. 1 draft choice Curly Culp and No. 3 choice Bob Vaughn, both guards.

Since Saban took over, the Bronco training camp has looked like a bus terminal. At one point last season there were 22 rookies and 10 second-year men on the 40-player roster. Easily the youngest team in either league, Denver won three and lost 11, and Saban never quit dealing. Cornerbacks Goldie Sellers and Nemaiah Wilson were traded to Kansas City and New York for draft choices. Halfback Charlie Mitchell went to Buffalo, Fullback Wendell Hayes was dispatched to Kansas City, Guard Ernie Park left for Oakland, Linebacker Gene Jeter went to Buffalo, starting Right Guard Pat Matson and Safety Lonnie Wright moved to Cincinnati. Saban then recruited more than 60 free agents and signed 15 draftees.

A year ago Saban went with three rookie linebackers—Frank Richter, Chip Myrtle and John Huard. All three have returned. The defensive line also is intact, although in a revised version. Pete Duraniko, who was tried at linebacker, defensive tackle and defensive end has rookie season, has moved to right end and will stay there. Rich Jackson moves to the left side to use his strength against running plays. Dave Costa is a proven right tackle, and Jerry Inman is at left tackle. At safety the lone returnee is Jack Lenz. Bobby Ply, a veteran of Kansas City, is coming off an injury at safety. All the rest are rookies. With two rookie cornerbacks, the Broncos can hardly hope for decided improvement in their pass defense.

Saban admits he doesn't know exactly what to expect. "How far can we come since we really only have one year of experience as a team? How do you measure this club?" says Saban. "All I can say is I do feel, this year, that we can be competitive."

CINCINNATI BENGALS

Paul Brown has been acknowledged as a coaching genius, and he will need ev-

ery bit of wisdom he has ever possessed if his Cincinnati Bengals, newest team in the AFL, are to rise from the depths of the West this year. Cincinnati was not overly rewarded with talent in the expansion draft. But then, has there ever been an expansion team that was? "But I think we're ready to have a little fun," says Brown. "We may surprise a lot of people."

In putting the Bengals together, Brown looked around and found the quarterback he wanted in Miami. It cost two first-round draft choices to get John Stofa, but he had been a very effective passer in last year's preseason before he broke his leg in the opener and lost his job to Bob Griese. This year Stofa twisted his knee in an exhibition against Denver and was replaced by rookie Dewey Warren of Tennessee, who may turn out to be Brown's man of the future. For receivers, Stofa or Warren can look for a couple with promise—Warren McVea and Rod Sherman. McVea returned a kickoff 102 yards for a touchdown in the Denver preseason game, putting on display the speed and niftiness for which he was famous in college. Monk Williams has also looked impressive on kick returns.

The Bengals have a problem at running back, with rookies Tom Smiley, Jess Phillips and Paul Robinson contesting for the starting backfield now that Bobby Burnett, who was AFL Rookie of the Year at Buffalo in 1966, has been cut. Bob Johnson, the Bengals' No. 1 draft choice, is flanked at guards by veteran Pat Matson and rookie Dave Maddendorf. Ernie Wright, a longtime regular at San Diego, and rookie Howard Felt are the tackles, with either Bill Peterson, Bob Trumpy or Andre White at tight end.

The defensive unit is spotted with experience. Sherrill Headrick, a 10-year veteran, is a top middle linebacker. Frank Buncom handles one side and Al Beauchamp or Dan Brubham the other. The defensive backfield has Fletcher Smith and Bobby Hunt from Kansas City, White Graves from Boston and Charley King from Buffalo. Three rookie linemen—Bill Staley, Bill Kindricks and Harry Gunner—have been getting plenty of attention. In one early game Staley made eight unassisted tackles. For the many Cincinnati rookies, this will be a year of lessons, most of them painful.

CONTINUED



EASTERN DIVISION

The Oilers finished best to win last year but this year should pull away at the start from the Jets and Bills



A year ago the Houston Oilers started even themselves. They moved into a new training camp in the wooded hills of Kerrville, Texas, established a new sense of discipline, congratulated themselves on a fine gathering of rookies and then began to speculate on how well they might do. The 1966 season had started off gloriously but had wound up a disaster. Oiler Coach Wally Lemm thought his team would be better in 1967, but he was unsure how much better. "I knew we'd had a good training camp and were in good condition, but we had so many rookies I figured if we finished 7-7 we would have had a fine year," says Lemm.

Instead, the Oilers had a 9-4-1 record, one game ahead of the New York Jets, and won the Eastern Division championship. They won it with a line defense, with a powerful running game, with excellent play from their special teams and with luck on injuries. Only one starter, Offensive Guard Sonny Bishop, was hurt seriously, and that was by falling off a hay wagon and getting run over. For most of the season the Oilers had a passing offense that could most kindly be described as poor. They had a quarterback who joined them after the season had begun and who had to call the offense by rote. Their leading receiver was their fullback, who caught 31 passes to rank 23rd in the league. Their best outside receiver caught 23 passes and ranked 30th. But the Oilers took the division championship nevertheless, and this year they show every indication of being a vastly improved team.

Lemm feels this is the year Pete Beathard, who spent three-plus seasons behind Len Dawson at Kansas City, will become one of the AFL's leading quarterbacks, much as Daryle Lamonica did

When 1967 began, Pete Beathard was No. 2 quarterback for the Chiefs, but when traded to the Oilers, he and his team became No. 1.

last year after being traded from Buffalo to Oakland. Beathard joined the Oilers four games into the 1967 season, only four days before Houston was to play the Jets at Shea Stadium. He moved into Lemm's home with his playbook, and the Oilers tied that game 28-28.

"I don't think most people realize what a fine quarterback Beathard is going to be this year," says Lemm. "I don't think they realize the improvement in our receivers, either. Beathard is like Charley Johnson in a way. He's smart and coachable. He's a drop-back passer with the ability to scramble. If we can improve our passing 100 yards per game, it will be a great help, and I think we can do it."

In preseason games Beathard has divided time with Bob Davis, a second-year man from Virginia and a quarterback of much potential. With the two of them throwing, 12 different receivers caught passes in an easy win over the Washington Redskins at the AstroDome, the Oilers' new playground which promises to be packed with customers this year. Last year, if one Oiler receiver caught a pass, sirens went off all over town. So Houston drafted Mac Haik of Mississippi, Jim Byrne of Purdue and Ed Carrington of Virginia Tech Stebbins, who can fly, was called up by the Army. Charley Frazier, Alvin Reed, Glenn Bass, Lionel Taylor and Lawrence Elkins are veterans at receiver spots. Fran Polsfoot, called "the best end coach in the game" by Lemm, has worked carefully on patterns and timing with the receivers, and the results have shown up immediately.

In 1966 Frazier caught 57 passes for 1,129 yards and 12 touchdowns, and Lemm regarded him as outstanding. Last year he played 10 games with one sprained thumb and seven games with two sprained thumbs, and he could not hold on to the ball. But in the AFL championship game with Oakland, Frazier caught seven. "It restored my confidence," he says. "It proved to me that I could catch the ball, after all, against tough competition." Reed is tall, gan-

gly and a good blocker. "He's a better tight end at this stage than Jackie Smith of the Cardinals," says Polsfoot, who has coached them both. "If we get one good receiver from our rookies, it'll really help. If we get two, it's gravy," Lemm says.

Even the toughest of defenses needs some help from the offense. What saved the Oilers last year was a running game that was the best in the league. They gained 2,122 yards for a 4.5-yard average per rush. The big man was Hoyle Granger, a thick-legged fullback who ran for 1,194 yards and a 5.1 average and missed overtaking Boston's Jim Nance by 22 yards. With experience, Granger seems to be running better than before. But Houston will miss the full-time service of Halfback Woody Campbell, who gained 511 yards rushing as a rookie. Campbell is an Army MP stationed at Fort Sam Houston in San Antonio and may be available for some duty on Sundays. That means the Oilers are counting on Ode Burrell, who led the team in rushing in 1965 and 1966, and Sid Blanks, who had a fine rookie year in 1964 but has been hurt most of the time since.

The Oiler offensive line will suffer from the absence of Guard Bob Talamoni, who was traded to the Jets, but it should remain a good one, with Tom Regner and Sonny Bishop at guards, Bobby Maples at center and Walt Suggs and Glen Ray Hines at tackles. They make the power sweep a dangerous part of the Houston offense. For depth, the Oilers are keen on rookie Elvin Bethea. Placekicker John Wittenborn can play guard or tackle.

At one point last year Houston's defense had scored more points than the offense. Every member of the defensive unit returns, and several were rookies last season. Miller Farr, the brilliant left cornerback, missed training camp because of hepatitis but will be back during the season. Larry Carwell and Zeke Moore, two of last year's rookies, are tall and have speed in the 9.7 range. Veteran Jim Norton is a leader, punter, and defensive signal caller and is healthy again after a hernia operation. W. K.

©Continued



AFL: THE EAST continued

Hicks is a veteran cornerback. Lemm is enthusiastic about Ken Houston and Pete Johns at cornerback and safety. The front four is so good that Lemm has discarded the blitz for which his St. Louis teams were famed. "You don't need to blitz if you have an effective pass rush," says Lemm. "We have three line rushers in Pat Holmes and Gary Cutsinger [ends] and George Rice. Our other tackler, Willie Parker, is in his second year and is coming along." Carol Smith, 270, also in his second year, can play either end or tackle.

Linebacker is one of Houston's strongest points. Left Linebacker George Webster was both Rookie of the Year and All-AFL last season. In the 40-yard dash he runs a 4.7, the same time as Frazier. Middle Linebacker Garland Boyette, 245, is, according to Lemm, "an exceptional athlete who can be one of the great middle linebackers." Olen Underwood, once a starter for the Giants, is on the right side. Linebacking depth includes two former All-Americans, Ron Caverness and Rich Stotter, who was a guard in college, and Pete Barnes. The Oilers set league records last year for fewest points and fewest touchdown passes allowed. "With us it'll be a matter of remembering how we did it last year," says Norton. "You know we made a lot of people mad, winning like we did. They'll be shooting for us. I think we'll be better because our offense will be better. We fought back from a miserable season in 1966. Now we have a new challenge, and we have the personnel to meet it." For a change, there will be some people watching the Oilers at home. After steadily losing money, Owner Bud Adams worked out a deal to play in the Astrodome, and Houston fans responded by buying 30,000 season tickets. That is more than the Oilers sold for all but one of their home games last year.

★ NEW YORK JETS

The Jets, like Houston, have some notable personnel, the most notable of all being, of course, Joe Namath, a quarterback with a wonderful arm, two bad

Always under pressure whether on or off the field, controversial Joe Namath carries the title hopes of the Jets on his amiable legs.

knees and a questionable relationship with his coach, Weeb Ewbank. A public display of the Namath-Ewbank affair occurred in the AstroTurf while the Jets were losing an exhibition game to the Oilers. Namath, who had knee surgery again off-season, spent the evening standing on the sidelines with his feet sunk in a carpet of AstroTurf and his ear pressed against a telephone. Rather than a uniform, he was dressed in one of his customary dapper outfits. Earlier he had been observed in intense conversation with Ewbank, who looked as if he were swatting flies. Namath's reason for not putting on his football clothes was that his knees hurt, which sounds reasonable enough since both have now undergone surgery. Ewbank, however, discussed the matter with the team doctor and was not convinced. "He told me Joe's knees are better than they have ever been since he's been with the club," says Ewbank, who has coached the game's best quarterback, John Unnas, and one of the game's best passers, Namath.

The almost total lack of rapport between Ewbank and Namath has been building toward a this-town-ain't-big-enough-for-both-of-us showdown for a couple of years. A year ago Namath seemed certain to win it. Sonny Werblin was the club's president and spokesman and was Namath's ally, naturally enough, since Werblin had been instrumental in signing him to his first \$400,000 contract. The rumor was that Ewbank was on his way out and would be replaced by a rather well-known coach who has been living in Wisconsin. But Werblin owned only a small piece of the Jets, and his partners were not pleased by his prominence in print. Once they could solve a complicated stock arrangement, they bought him out. Werblin, though, signed Namath to a new contract before he left. Namath's friend and attorney, Mike Bie, had suggested the star be paid \$3,000 for each exhibition game, which is roughly 15 times the going rate. Perhaps the considerable risk to Namath's future as a ballroom dancer makes it worth that much for him to step onto a football field, but all parties involved say no such deal was ever culminated.

Still, Namath did not play in Houston. Some of the Jets were less than delighted by the sight of their leader on the sidelines. Although most of them understood there was little need to risk

his wobbly knees in a game that did not count, they would have preferred that he suit up and pretend to be one of them. Even *The New York Times* was annoyed and expressed an opinion that Namath should be traded for the good of the club. There is hardly a coach in professional football who does not get wet palms at the thought of having a passer of Namath's talents, but there are a number of coaches who would have a hard time deciding whether he would be more of a blessing than a problem.

Despite the recent trade for Quarterback Babe Parilli, the fortune of the Jets still depends on Namath's knees. His left knee was operated on last winter, and both knees are heavily taped with metal braces before each practice. "They're coming along pretty well," says Ewbank with a straight face. "We protect them all we can." The protection includes two cups, one with a megaphone, who try to keep overeager young autograph seekers from red-dogging Namath when he is on public display. More important in the way of protection is the Jets' offensive line, which was designed as a pass protection fence rather than as a mobile unit that can put running guards out ahead of backs on sweeps. For years one of the mainstays of that line was Sherman Plunkett, who would be nobody's picture of agility but is as big as two ordinary men. Getting past him in order to reach Namath was like having to circle the block. But the idea of size went to Plunkett's head, and elsewhere. He reported to camp weighing 336 pounds. That was too much for Ewbank, who eventually put Plunkett on waivers and promoted Sam Walton to the right-tackle position.

Walton, a 275-pound rookie, went to college at East Texas State on a basketball scholarship but changed to football—although he had not played the game in high school—when he discovered only football players could eat at the training table. The other tackle, Winston Hill, played part of last season on a sprained ankle, made no less painful by the fact that he weighs 280 pounds. Hill is a good pass blocker. Behind Walton and Hill is Jim Harris, at 275, who had been a starter on defense for three years. Guards Dave Herman, Randy Rasmussen and the recently acquired Bob Talenit, who was All-AFL six times with Houston, and Center John Schmitt are Namath's other protectors.

The Jets have three fine receivers, all of whom played in last year's AFL All-Star game. George Sauer led the league in catches with 75, while Don Maynard led in yardage with 1,434. Pete Lammons topped all tight ends as a rookie with 41 catches, then caught 45 more last season while Namath, playing with a sore thumb among other injuries, completed 258 passes for 4,007 yards and 26 touchdowns with 28 interceptions.

A passing offense alone will not win championships. Ewbank thought he had acquired a good running game for balance until Fullback Matt Snell tore a knee cartilage in the season opener last year against Buffalo. By the time Snell returned, Halfback Emerson Boozer was out with torn knee ligaments. Snell is a fine runner and a good receiver and is currently healthy. Boozer has recently been released from the Army because of his knee, which still pains him. After spirited negotiations the Jets signed Lee White, a 6'4" fullback from Weber State. White, New York's first draft choice, rushed for 3,062 yards and scored 34 touchdowns in college. "He reminds me of Marion Motley," says Ewbank. "Marion was a kind of skater when he ran, and so is White."

If Namath's knees finally give way, the Jets can turn to Parilli, an aging quarterback who is capable of some very hot days. "When Babe is right, he can destroy you," says Hank Stram of Kansas City. "He'll be muddling along, and all of a sudden he starts hitting and is liable to complete 10 or 12 in a row." To get Parilli from Boston, the Jets swapped Mike Taliaferro, who was tired of playing behind Namath and had asked to be traded. "Parilli knows all the finer points of the game," Namath says. "He has been in every situation possible. He'll help me and the team a lot."

New York led the AFL in pass defense in 1967. "There's been a big change in our defense since I got here two years ago," says Cornerback Johnny Sample. "Then we had great individuals but we were playing as individuals. Now the defense is playing together. We all know what the others are doing, and that makes for a good defense." But the situation is not quite as bright as that may sound. The defensive line could use a bit of help. John Elliott, a second-year man who played linebacker, defensive end and defensive tackle in 1967, has settled at right tackle. Backing him up is

continued

rookie Ray Hayes, a 12th-round draft choice. Veteran Paul Rochester is a fixture at left tackle, and Ends Gerry Philbin and Verlon Buggs can be very effective. Right Linebacker Larry Grantham weighs only 210, but he is starting his ninth season and has played in five All-Star games. Left Linebacker Ralph Baker is coming off a good year and will be starting for his fifth season. In the middle is Al Atkinson, picked up as a free agent in 1965. Atkinson is tough against the run and tied for the club lead in interceptions with five. Carl McAdams, the fourth linebacker, missed the entire 1966 season because of an ankle broken so badly that it required three operations. At 240 pounds he started the Jets' final game last year at defensive tackle. Left Cornerback Johnny Sample played on two championship teams for Ewbank at Baltimore in 1958-59, moved on to Pittsburgh and Washington, then joined the Jets as a free agent. He is good at individual coverage. The opposite corner is occupied by Randy Beverly, who is similar to the rest of the Jets' secondary in that all were free agents. Bill Baird, who holds the AFL record for longest punt return (93 yards), is battling Cornell Gordon for the free-safety spot. The strong safety is Jim Hudson, who has been somewhat underrated. Hudson is lucky to be back this year. Last spring he was bitten on the leg by a black widow spider, an injury unique in the AFL.



The Buffalo Bills had just turned in a shabby performance in an exhibition game and Coach Joe Collier was furious. "We'll scrimmage Monday," he roared, "and we may scrimmage every day after that." As it turned out, however, Monday was the only day the Bills scrimmaged. During one of the ruggedest drills the Bills have ever had, Quarterback Jackie Kemp dropped back to pass. Just after he released the ball, Defensive End Ron McDole, one of Kemp's best friends, fell and caught the quarterback's right leg under his body. Kemp fell on his back and let out a low moan of pain, then lay silent. Some of the Buffalo players hurried up to see what had happened. What they saw was the end of any

chance Buffalo might have had of winning the Eastern Division title. Kemp had torn the ligaments in his knee, an injury that required an immediate operation, putting him on the sidelines for the entire season. In his place will be Kay Stephenson, the second-string San Diego quarterback whom Collier immediately traded for, Tom Flores, Kemp's backup last year, or rookie Dan Darragh, who appeared in control during his limited playing time. Either way, the situation is still critical.

The injury to Kemp was a continuation of the bad luck that dogged Buffalo last year. At one time or another 24 Bills missed at least one game because of injuries. "It was a nightmare," says Guard Billy Shaw, the team leader. "The injuries were like an epidemic, and everyone was either out of the lineup or playing out of position."

This year Kemp's injury was not the first. Right Guard Joe O'Donnell, who teamed with Shaw and Al Bemiller to give the Bills one of the best interior blocking combinations in the AFL, tore knee ligaments in an exhibition game against Miami and may be lost for the season. With Tackle Dick Hudson still hobbling from an operation, Dick Cunningham must stay at tackle. O'Donnell will be replaced by rookie Bob Kalsu or journeyman George Flint. Collier had hoped to use Cunningham at least part of the time at center, where Bemiller had taken a pounding. There is a question whether Stew Barber, the other tackle, has the size to handle the league's larger defensive ends. The offensive line is where the Bills are thinnest, so thin, in fact, that one fan placed a Help Wanted ad: "Offensive linemen, no experience necessary."

Buffalo does have three promising-looking running backs—Max Anderson, Ben Gregory and Gary McDermott. "We had our best draft yet," says Collier. "Those three can help us right away." McDermott is big and strong, with the quickness to run wide and the power to hit off tackle. "He's a beautiful back—great mentally, good blocking ability, good runner and good receiver. He has all the things a good back needs," Collier says. Anderson, only 5' 8" and 180 pounds, will be used on kick returns and as a spot ballcarrier. In the exhibition against Miami he gained 112 yards on six carries from scrimmage. With the three rookies, the Bills also

have veterans Wray Carlton and Keith Lincoln, both top runners.

The Buffalo offense was in such trouble last season that Flores, who started the season as the No. 1 quarterback, did not throw a touchdown pass. This year the receiving should be much better. Rookie Haven Moses will probably start at flanker ahead of veteran Elbert Dubemon. Split End Art Powell, for years one of the best in the league, has been released by Collier in a rather mystifying move. That leaves rookie Richard Trapp contesting with Bobby Crockett for the position. Crockett was a starter in 1966, sat out last season with a knee injury, but seems to have recovered. Tight End Paul Costa, 246, is an excellent receiver, although he missed much of the early work this year because of an ankle operation. Charley Ferguson has been backing him.

If the offensive line can hold together well enough to get some use from the new backs and receivers, the Bills will be hard to beat. Their defense is still first-rate. "They're as hard to move the ball against as any team in the league," says Hank Stram. "This team," says Ferguson, "is built around a solid defense. It's not by accident. All the good teams—the big winners in pro football in recent years—have had the same outlook."

Collier was the defensive coach but was elevated to the head job after Lou Saban quit. As an assistant, Collier got much of the credit for putting the Bills into championship games. His defensive unit is highly coordinated, relying on containment and pressure, seldom using the blitz or stunting the linemen. The action is keyed around a strong rush by the front four. Left End McDole and Tackle Jim Dunaway are in the all-league class. The other tackle, Tom Sestak, has been slowed by operations on both knees but is still formidable. At right end the fight for the starting job is between Howard Kindig and Dudley Meredith.

Buffalo's linebacking trio of Harry Jacobs, Mike Stratton and John Tracey started 80 games in a row before Jacobs was knocked out last year with a shoulder separation. Now Tracey has retired, but his replacement, Paul Guidry, is young and quick. Stratton, the All-AFL right linebacker, is the enforcer, a brutal tackler. Jacobs, in the middle, is a keen anticipator of plays. Cornerbacks Booker Edgerson and Butch Byrd and

Safeties George Saines and Tommy Janik are all veterans. Byrd has lost 22 pounds, down to 196, in an effort to regain his All-AFL rating. Janik and Saines are very fast at coming up against the run, and Janik intercepted 10 passes last year.

Buffalo's kicking should be excellent. Mike Mcroer, who was with Oakland and Kansas City before coming to the Bills, is a standout field-goal kicker. Paul Maguire, a nine-year veteran, is one of the league's better punters. This year, without the experienced Kemp to guide the team, Maguire may find himself doing a lot of work.

★ MIAMI DOLPHINS

The trend in pro football conditioning the past few years has been toward weight-lifting (isotonics), isometrics and a gadget called the Exer-penis, which is a combination of the first two. The idea is to build strength and explosiveness that, many believe, do not come from old-fashioned calisthenics alone. But now the Miami Dolphins have come up with a new conditioning routine of their own—jogging. They got plenty of practice at it last season, chasing people into the end zone. Coach George Wilson, however, would rather that the Dolphins' running be a little more on the positive side. To achieve that, the Miami defense needs considerable improvement.

The offense shows promise. In Bob Griese, the Dolphins have a young quarterback who has quickly moved up among the class of the league. Griese became a starter as a rookie when John Stofa broke his leg in the opening game last year. Despite a shoulder injury that hampered his ability to throw deep, Griese's passes helped Miami win three of its last five games. The defenses were able to cheat on him, knowing that his arm hurt and that his receivers were not particularly fast. But Griese was unusually accurate with his short passes. In one stretch he threw 122 passes without an interception, a remarkable record for any quarterback, especially a rookie. "Griese showed a great deal of poise," says Wally Lemm. George Wilson goes a bit further. "I wouldn't trade Griese for any quarterback in the league, including Namath."

The Dolphins lived by the pass, and they died by it. Opponents threw for more than 200 yards per game against Miami and hit 31 touchdown passes. The Dolphins need a better pass rush and faster linebackers. Cornerback Jim Warren is a good one, but he may have too much of a burden to carry now that Dick Westmireland has dislocated his shoulder. How well Miami does this season depends on a defense that should have been helped in the draft by six choices in the first three rounds.

The No. 1 choice was used for Fullback Larry Csonka of Syracuse, a power runner who could be in the same category as Jim Nance and Hoyle Granger. The addition of Csonka will mean an automatic gain for the Dolphins' passing game. Rookie Kam Hammond and third-year man Rick Norton are around to understudy Griese.

The Dolphins won seven games in their first two years, a good record for an expansion team. They have not done as well at the box office. For what Dolphins President Joe Robbie calls "economic reasons," two of Wilson's assistants were dismissed this past spring. The club has sold less than 15,000 season tickets this year. "It's an uphill struggle to establish a major league franchise in a new area," says Robbie.

★ BOSTON PATRIOTS

The Boston Patriots fell to last place in the East in 1967, and there is every indication they will stay there for a while. After his worst year as a coach, Mike Holovak decided to scrub his roster. The Pats used to be known as a "family" team, boasting of having more originals from their 1960 club than any other team in the AFL. Now only Jim Colclough, Gino Cappelletti and Larry Garron remain. "Coming here this year is like coming to a new team," says Colclough.

The biggest surprise was that while Holovak was cleaning house, out went Quarterback Babe Parilli. Holovak and Parilli have been very close friends, and Parilli had been set for a job on the Boston staff if he wanted it after retirement. Instead, he was dealt to the Jets for Mike Taliaferro, who immediately moved into a contest with Don Trull and rookie Tom Sherman at quarterback. Trull did not last long. He was in-

jured and released. His scrambling ability could have been important, since the offensive line has problems. Without much time to throw, Taliaferro and Sherman have put in extra sessions working with their receivers. Holovak may decide to alternate his quarterbacks. "I'm sure they won't like it, but maybe I will," he says. Art Graham will continue at split end with Bobby Leo filling in. Cappelletti, a fine field-goal kicker who is always among the AFL's top scorers, may lose his job at flanker to rookie Aaron Marsh.

The Boston offense relies mostly on Fullback Jim Nance, who has led the league in rushing the past two seasons. Nance has set his individual goal even

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Houston

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higher this year. "I want to gain 1,500 yards. Nobody has ever done it, and I want to be the first," he says. Nance, 240, is one of the toughest runners the game has ever seen. If the Patriots could find a halfback with outside speed, Nance might get his 1,500 yards. But Boston's offense is too one-handed.

In prior years the Patriots were strong on defense. Last season the defense faded. Two starters from that unit are gone. But there are some bright spots. Middle Linebacker Nick Buoniconti and Defensive Linebacker Jim Hunt, Larry Eisenhauer and Houston Antwine have All-Star experience. Leroy Mitchell and John Charles, starters at cornerbacks as rookies last season, should be much better with Charles shifting to safety to replace retired Chuck Shonta. Several other positions are uncertain. Holovak is especially distressed about the line-backing. "We need help at right line-backer, and I don't care who gives it to us," he says.

The Pats also had quite a lot of disillusion last year. One of Holovak's aims in bringing in new faces and saying goodbye to old ones has been to restore harmony in the "family." Even if that is accomplished, the Pats most likely will stay on the bottom. **END**

◆ West German Chancellor **Karl Kiesinger's** real sport is hiking, but happily for one German spandrel he is also a sometime sailor. While Kiesinger was vacationing in Bavaria he ventured out, in bad weather, in a sailboat with his host, Christian Democratic Party Vice Chairman **Rainer Barzel**. The Chancellor heard what was clearly the whining of a dog trapped beneath a sinking and abandoned sailboat and ordered crewmen in a following motor launch to save it. The dog was found to belong to a man who had not been able to rescue it himself without endangering the crew of the boat that had rescued him when he capsize: when the animal was returned he is reported to have "expressed only thanks and no bad feelings." There were no bad feelings on the part of the spandrel, certainly.

Ice cream causes **Lynda Bird Johnson Robb** an awful lot of trouble. It seems like only yes-



terday that a moonman was putting her off a San Francisco cable car for indulging right there in front of everybody, and now her doctor has told the expectant mother that she must run or jog (or joggle) a mile for every cone she eats. Lynda does it, but is reported to have said wistfully to her secret service man the other day, "This thing must be wrong. I know I've run a mile." He looked at her pedometer and had to tell her that it was correct, that the distance around The Ellipse—a public park across from the White House south lawn—was precisely half a mile. It is not known whether Lynda forced herself around a second time or held herself down to hail an ice-cream cone.

ICU Guard **Larry Adams** spent his summer working as a bill collector. Adams is 6' 4" tall, weighs 223 pounds and was in pretty good shape, but no shape is quite good enough to prevail against knives and guns. At one house Adams found a woman with a butcher knife and at another, when he asked a woman what she intended to do about a bill six months overdue, "She pointed a 20-gauge shotgun at me and

said, 'This is what I intend to do.'" Larry is now safely back on the gridiron and feeling, perhaps, that one nice thing about football is that women do not play it.

◆ **Lieut. Bill Bradley**, at present an aide to Brigadier General **Campbell Y. Jackson**, in a recent U.S. Air Force ceremony did a right face to *The Star-Spangled Banner*, bumped into the flag and finally got his general's flag mixed up with that of someone else's general. An imperfect performance for a star basketball player, but the Russian Air Force is not known to have scored in consequence.

To help the U.S. Jaycees raise funds for the 1968 Olympic team, deadpan comedian **Pat Paulsen** recently took off from New York on a one-day, coast-to-coast marathon tour. He managed to perform at a breakfast in Philadelphia, a lunch in St. Paul, an afternoon reception in Omaha and a dinner in Oakland, Calif. "We'll be racing the sun across the country," he said upon leaving, "and if it sinks into San Francisco Bay before I do, well, you win some, you

lose some." Paulsen also hoped to win support for his STAG Party (Straight Talkin' American Government) bid for the presidency, and his straight talk on key problems should stand him in good stead. "We've got to step up our conservation efforts before it's too late," he warned his audiences. "Take the Grand Canyon. I'm sure that at one time it was a beautiful piece of land, and just look at the way we've let it go."

Long-distance runner **Emil Zatopek** was among the prominent Czechoslovakians who did their best to rally their countrymen to resistance in the early days of the Russian invasion by making television broadcasts over clandestine sets on the outskirts of Prague. "I am sure it was the television and radio which kept our people together," he has been quoted as saying, and he added the cheerfully robust observation that it also was "a hell of a lot of fun."

France's **Eric Tabarly** has opened a sailing school on the Riviera, and recently he invited Actor **Alain Delon** and Actress **Brigitte Bardot** to sail with him. Tabarly graded Miss Bardot's sailing skills as he does those of his students and awarded her 18 points out of a possible 20. Brigitte promptly awarded him an invitation to her villa in Saint-Tropez. Any student hoping to make points with Teacher Tabarly by bringing him an apple can forget it.

Her gymnastic skills are perhaps not sufficient to allow her to place on the Olympic team, but they helped **Judith Anne Ford** take a first in Atlantic City last week. Miss Ford did some twists, somersaults and a three-quarter back-back Cody wearing her leotard, and she also looked good, like a Miss America should, in a bathing suit, of course.





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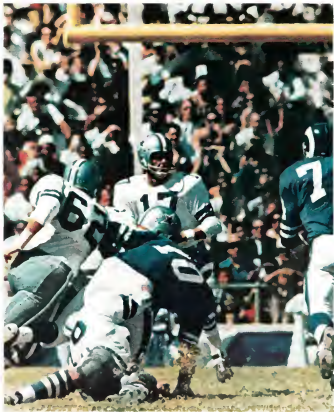
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Muhammad Ali, it seems clear, was wrong. The heavyweight division, which dominates boxing, has survived his departure. The World Boxing Association's eight-man tournament gave urgently needed continuity to the division and exposed new faces. Madison Square Garden, which tried to subvert the tournament, failed but created its own champion and is once again in a position to be constructive or destructive among the heavyweights.

Certainly, the exile of Ali, the absence of his presence—that rare blend of volcanic improvisation and serene certitude in and out of the ring—left a void and scattered disinterest, but it also opened up the division. With Muhammad at the top, it was fast becoming inert. It was obvious that Ali, long before his impeachment, was running out of opponents. Each of his title fights had become a performance and an exercise in desperate, high-powered flack.

With Ali gone, three fighters emerged, each of whom attained confidence and polish. The tournament produced Jerry Quarry and Jimmy Ellis, the WBA champion, and the Garden gave us Joe Frazier. Any of the three, but particularly Ellis, could now provide sharper opposition for Ali than that which he encountered in any of his title defenses. It is seldom that any division these days can develop three such fighters at the same time, all having youth, ability and public identification.

Yet the progress of the heavyweights has once again been retarded. Quarry, the Californian with powerful gate appeal and striking (but untutored) skills, has never been healthy, and now his future is seriously in doubt. First, just a few months ago, he nearly drowned while swimming. And recently he suffered a bad back injury in a motorcycle accident. It is questionable whether California will ever give him a license again, or if he will even be able to fight.

A major fight for Frazier at this point also seems remote, mainly because he, too, developed a sudden fondness for motorcycles. "I got a stupid fighter," says his manager, Yancey Durham. "I told him he was too stupid to drive one. I got on with him and he nearly killed us both. 'Look,' I told him, 'you got a Chevrolet and you knocked that to pieces, and then you did the same with the Cadillac. Now it's a motorcycle. Man, you gonna kill yourself.'"

Defense of a dubious title

Jimmy Ellis, the man nobody believes in, fights Floyd Patterson, the man everyone thinks is through, the winner's prize being a new image

Frazier neglected the warning and, only a few weeks ago, while driving his motorcycle home to Beaufort, S.C., he collided with an automobile. His leg injury may be more severe than the public statements indicate, but even more alarming to the Frazier camp is the fighter's sudden change in character. All fighters, when training, talk of retiring, but Frazier is forever bringing the subject up. He seems to have lost—perhaps only temporarily—his edge, that great joy for combat that he so often exuded.

Jimmy Ellis, who defends his title against Floyd Patterson September 14 in Stockholm, is a different sort of problem. No one really believes in him. The fight with Quarry in April, in which he won the title, surely did not help his reputation. A brilliant fighter on the ropes, Quarry was determined to make Ellis fight him there. Ellis refused, and the fight was marred by long dull periods.

Ellis was abused by the press and the public, but it was Quarry who was at fault; the inflexibility of his fight plan ruined the show. While Ellis took the rap, few observers appreciated the discipline he exhibited, or the beauty of his whiplike right hands. Instead, his victory was contrasted with the passion and violence of Frazier's humiliation of Buster Mathis. Ellis—it was unanimous—had no star quality, in or out of the ring.

The result is that Ellis is difficult to sell. He is constantly being compared to Frazier, an Olympic hero, primitive, and a heavyweight whose style is so reminiscent of Henry Armstrong. Ellis, on the other hand, is a gospel singer and a former sparring partner of Ali, and after you have said that you have said it all. He is simply a silent, pleasant man, devoid of anger and opinion, who does not inspire enthusiasm. His personality, unfortunately, has obscured his talent.

Ellis is often regarded as a poor imitation of Ali, but this is far from accurate. Ali was a magnificent dancer,

but Ellis only gives the impression of movement. Ellis is always in punching position, his feet planted and his weight balanced, ready to shift. His grace and the splendid control of his body allow him to throw punches from weird positions, especially the right hand, which he loops over. The right hand is similar to Ali's, and it may be quicker and deadlier. Multitudes would disagree, but Ellis may well be the most complete fighter in boxing today. There is no question that he has smoothly handled much tougher opposition than Frazier has. Ellis destroyed Leotis Martin, a sharp puncher whom Frazier ducked repeatedly. He nearly broke his hands on the

continued

TRAINING AT HOME in an old hen house converted to a gym on his uptown New York farm, Floyd looked in good condition





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BOXING *continued*

head of Oscar Bonavena, a clumsy, difficult opponent who once floored Frazier twice in one round. And he beat Quarry, an instinctive, cruel counter-puncher.

"Jimmy is hard to mess around," says Shotgun Shelton, his sparring partner. "He uses trickoration. He's a shunkin' fighter. He lays traps, waits for you to fall in them, then he sets up and . . . pow! That's trickoration. There is no pattern to his style. What Jimmy does is to tell you, 'Now watch my right hand,' and then he hooks you. He jabs, jabs and then throws a right hand. You look for the pattern and he feints a single jab and hooks off of it."

Still, Ellis has one serious defect, which could be disastrous for him when he does finally meet Frazier. Ellis is an anxious fighter whose energy is siled by his self-constructed anxieties. Before a fight, sitting there and dripping sweat, his face is pale, vacant, almost frightened. Once he is in the ring, all the anxieties locked inside him explode into thrilling fury in the early rounds. Then, usually around the eighth round, he becomes dangerously weary and quite vulnerable. Ellis' tendency to tire seems to be Floyd Patterson's only hope in Stockholm. Patterson's chances of beating Ellis improve with each round he survives. Floyd, of course, knows he is being "used." He still has one of the biggest names in boxing, or sports for that matter, and the Ellis camp hopes that Jimmy will emerge from the fight—assuming he wins—with a new "image" which will divert much of the attention now being drawn by Joe Frazier.

But Floyd could be quite troublesome for Ellis. He has nothing to lose, and for one of the few times in his career he will enter the ring unencumbered by mental distractions. He is also aware that an impressive performance, even in defeat, will not only help him remain an entity among the heavyweights but will contribute greatly to the movie career he is now pursuing.

One hopes, however, that Patterson's film future does not rest too heavily on such a performance, because Ellis, using no trickoration, should end the fight somewhere between the second and fifth rounds. To be specific, I believe he will complete his evening's work (pay \$125,000) in the third round with one flashing, beautiful right hand that Patterson will never even remember.

END

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HORSE RACING / William Barry Furlong

One good run brings home one mighty big pot

To anyone who owned a 2-year-old that didn't already pull a wagon for a living, the Futurity at Arlington Park last Saturday had to look like the greatest race in the world—and winning it was beside the point. One reason was the competition. There were 18 horses entered, and there might have been more except for the stale convention about not stacking them two and three deep in the starting gate. But there was only one horse that could win; the rest didn't figure in a field of lame elephants. He was King Emperor, and the hyperbole about him only began with his name. For one thing, he was another product of the Wheatley-Phipps empire that runs the 2-year-old field like Daley runs Chicago. For another thing, he'd won all of his four starts and the word was that he could do everything but take the infield grass. And he might do that if you asked him. "He's a kind horse," says O'Donnell Lee, a 24-year-old assistant to Head Trainer Eddie Neloy, who handled King Emperor in the days preceding this richest Thoroughbred race in the world. "You ask him to do something and he does it—kindly."

The other reason was the money. The Arlington-Washington Futurity this year had a total purse of \$385,350. It wasn't that first place was worth \$212,850—that could barely complicate the tax problems of the Phipps family. But second place was worth \$72,500, and third and fourth were worth \$42,500 and \$27,500, respectively. With money like that, you didn't need a horse that could run the seven furlongs in 1:20 and a fraction; all you needed was a horse who could live that long.

Naturally, all this tends to bring out two things in horse owners—avarice and the horses that they own. There were horses in this race that hadn't won a total of \$2,000 in their lives—three of them, as a matter of fact. There were horses in this race—well, you'd have to hire Pinkertons to trace their lineage.

Owner Bill Resseguet Jr. gave a lot of thought to dropping out of the Futurity with his colt Strong Strong and going instead in a \$15,000 race on the same program. But the man he picked to ride Strong Strong, 24-year-old Danny Gargan—who had ridden him in one of his two victories in 11 starts—diverted Resseguet. "If he's got one good run in him, he'll be on the board," said Gargan. At worst, on the board meant fourth-place money. So Resseguet let Strong Strong go in the Futurity.

Strong Strong got post position one. King Emperor was in the sixth gate. At least they had short routes to chaos. For those 18 colts burst out of the starting gate with all the vigor and style of a line of Chicago cops looking for someone to club. Both King Emperor and Strong Strong got away off the pace but Resseguet's colt did it with style—he was dead last. King Emperor moved up smartly, taking second in the turn and setting the lead in the stretch. Meanwhile, Gargan "waited and waited" on Strong Strong. He let the horse move a little to the outside: "We lost ground, but he likes it out there." Gradually he picked his way through the crowd and Strong Strong was third after six furlongs with King Emperor only five or six lengths in front of him. Suddenly Strong Strong displayed his "one good run." The chestnut colt caught King Emperor at the wire, survived an inquiry filed by Brailio Baeza—"I lost 50 pounds," said Resseguet—and collected the \$212,850. He paid his backers among the 28,499 at the race only \$27.20 for \$2, largely because he was lumped in the field with six other horses.

After the race, back in Barn No. 1, Eddie Neloy felt King Emperor's left foreleg and the horse flinched reflexively. Neloy wouldn't talk about what it meant. In fact, he wouldn't talk about much of anything. Wheatley-Phipps had entered three horses in important races that day, and all three had finished second. **END**

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A freewheeling house with a built-in motion

Richard Foster may seem eccentric—spending a fortune just to have a house that twirls in the Connecticut countryside. But spinning off his prototype are some revolutionary ideas for leisure houses in a crowded land

I wish I had a dollar for every time a car stops and gawks at it," said Larry Olmstead, who owns a neat frame house up the road from the fantastic concentric on the opposite page. He has been watching the progress of his neighbor's house with lively interest for the year and a half it has been under construction—the arrival and installation of a huge ball bearing from Germany, of the 60-foot Thermopane windows, of the quarry tiles and granite cobblestones from the Italian Dolomites.

Architect Richard Foster's new home is as controversial as a house can be—a big steel-and-glass carousel on a cedar-shingled base that covers a core of precast concrete. Set in a raceway on top of the base is a three-ton ball-bearing assembly 13½ feet across—the kind that is commonly used to turn a crane or a big steam shovel. But this 6,000-pound bearing turns an eight-room house that weighs 500,000 pounds through 360 degrees of New England landscape. A switch controlling a 1½-hp electric motor sets the house revolving at a dignified pace of five feet per minute, or an even stancher crawl of nine inches per minute. Whether the house is turning clockwise or counterclockwise, a passenger experiences no sense of vibration and no tendency to vertigo. The curved glass walls bring four acres of varied and beautiful land into view—an apple orchard, a well-stocked pond, a grove of pines, a field of wild flowers.

Foster's brilliant conception was not easily executed. In a revolving restaurant all the utilities are stationary and only the diners swing into space. But in a house, the Fosters soon realized, the kitchen and 2½ bathrooms would have to move, too. Life would become complicated if one did not know where the bathroom had been left the night be-

fore. So everything swings except the base, where the front door and spiral staircase lead to the rooms above. Water, telephone and electrical lines enter the house through a central shaft within the stairwell and are distributed to the revolving areas through a swing valve, a commutator and a trolley, respectively, making it possible for the house to spin without breaking the service connections.

Although tricky, these problems were minor compared with the case of sewage disposal. A lead-lined circular trough located in the base disposes of waste, which is flushed into it through a sealed channel that rotates with the house.

Like all prototypes, Foster's house

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB GOMEZ



BALL BEARING on which Foster's house revolves is 13½ feet in diameter. It was imported from Germany and cost \$20,000. A circular stair mounts through bearing to eight rooms that begin revolving at the flick of a switch set at "forward," "backward," "jog" or "run."

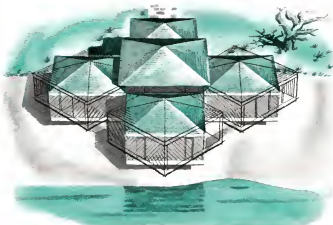
CONTINUED



ILLUSTRATION BY DAN TORN

IDEALIZED EYRIE is a Foster design for a steep lot on a palisade overlooking the water or a mountainside at a ski area. The 8-foot hall bearing is balanced top and bottom and is sufficiently strong to anchor a cantilevered house. Suspended on a spiderweb of cables from two square steel beams, the house could swing anywhere from

90 degrees to 180 degrees, taking full advantage of sweeping mountain views. This design eliminates the ugly underpinnings that are so often required to hold up more conventional cliffside dwellings, and in fact permits building on previously unbuildable terrain. A two-level house could have a stationary level topped by a moving one



TRIPLE TURNABLES permit privacy in the cheek-by-jowl situation that exists on most waterfronts. Each of these cuboidal units swivels on 4-foot ball bearings. The fourth unit, stationary, contains the entrance and utilities. Two movable units contain bedrooms, and the third, facing directly on the water, the living and dining areas. Each

unit turns to take advantage of prevailing breezes or sun. All turn inward to close up the house completely around an unseen shelter by an umbrella roof. The bedroom units move 180 degrees and the living unit 270 degrees for maximum view. Shingled roofs and cypress siding would make this a moderately priced house



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The encore will be in Mexico

In a smashing show—a record-smashing show—at the Olympic trials, America's swimmers radiated an extravagant potential for gold medals

When it was all over and the last of the official Olympic sweat shirts had been issued, Coach George Haines stood there and tried to look worried, which was hard to do, and thoughtfully objective, which was impossible. For the first time in days he slipped into the faintest trace of a smile. "No predictions," he said. Haines says that a lot, so nobody wrote it down. "We will just have to wait and see what happens in Mexico." There was an appreciative hoo-ha all around.

Haines, as everyone knows, is one of two or three top coaches around the country who operate secret laboratories where they mold and stamp out perfect swimmers to order. The swimmers all radiate. They glow in the dark. Little beams of light dance from their teeth. They all look as though they had rushed right over from Central Casting, where they were filed under Wholesome. Each

time that Haines nods serenely and orders them into a pool, they break world records. There is something vaguely disturbing about such power. "I think," said one poolside observer last week, "those kids are all plastic." In a way it is a handicap.

And lest anyone say that all U.S. Olympic coaches should have such handicaps, there was plenty of reason for concern. Most importantly, what do Haines, who coaches the boys, and Sherman Chavoer, who coaches the girls, do for an encore?

In a couple of weeks of thrashing around in California, a few hundred boy swimmers and girl swimmers went into various pools and 73 came out as Olympians. The statistics are unsettling: the girls broke seven world records in the process of filling out a squad of 35. Debbie Meyer set three world freestyle records—at 200, 400 and 800 meters. Clau-

dia Kolb smashed two world individual medley marks at 200 and 400 meters, and Cate Ball set new world records in the 100- and 200-meter breaststroke. In the 400-meter freestyle, the first three finishers broke the world record.

Then Chavoer filed the girls away. They switched pools—from Los Angeles to Long Beach—and Haines brought out the boys. Seven more world records were broken and another was tied. Now the two coaches face the prospect of moving this perfect team to Mexico—where the water is said to be slow and the germs are known to be fast—and bringing back more medals than any coach should honestly hope to get. Olympic swimming has added 11 new events since 1964, and swimming and diving now account for 33 gold medals, only three short of the number allotted to track and field and, in effect, putting those sports on parity. The opportunity for extravagant success is there, but Coaches Haines and Chavoer face hard days. There is a danger of overconfidence that could climb higher than the altitude.

All last week, for example, each time Mark Spitz emerged dripping from the water after winning something or other, he was asked about his plan to win five gold medals in Mexico. By the end of the competition the number had grown to six. Spitz is lean and handsome, with green eyes nicely balanced by chlorine pink, which creates a striking effect. But he is only 18 years old, and by the end of the week, under such a concentrated attack of adulation, he had begun thoughtfully to listen to all of this, which could be disastrous. "I don't want to seem hungry, but I want to win everything I swim in," he said, coolly. "I don't want to go down there and lose any events."

The rest of the team glowed with similar well-being. Everyone had assembled for the trials in a palace called the Belmont Plaza Olympic Swimming Pool, which Long Beach Publicist Merv Harris terms the Taj Mahal of pools only out of civic modesty. There were five days of heats and five evenings of bys-ter. First came the 100-meter butterfly, a bouncy event that was swum so fast that the first 36 finishers (out of 43 entered) were under the Olympic qualifying time of 1:00.9. Spitz came across first in 55.6 seconds, which is an Olympic trial, American and world record, in that order, and which displayed another of

continued



CHARLIE HICKCOX (LEFT) AND MARK SPITZ STOOD OUT, EVEN IN GLITTERING FIELD



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has patented fast finishes (Spitz is the Silky Sullivan of swimming). "I saw I was behind," he said, "and then—next thing I knew—I was there. All I could hear was my coach . . ."—he looked around to see if Haines was near—" . . . who has a rather, uh, distinctive voice, even in a crowd."

In the days that followed, Spitz went out for everything but the towel concession and taking tickets at the door. He won the 200-meter butterfly (he was one-tenth of a second off his American and World mark), finished third in the 100-meter freestyle and then first in the 200-meter freestyle swim-off to pick relay-team members. "Now then," he said, "I can swim three individual events and two relays in Mexico."

But even with that sort of action, Spitz did not dominate the meet. A shy, 21-year-old from Indiana University, Charlie Hickcox, destroyed a field of 36 in the 400-meter individual medley, breaking all available records with a 4:38.91—and then, after resting fitfully,

did it to them all over again in the 200-meter medley, with more records.

Olympian Don Schollander, who won an unprecedented four medals in Tokyo in 1964 and who is now a tottering 22 years old, slashed his way to a record 1:54.28 in the 200-meter freestyle. This seemed perfectly acceptable since he also owned the old world record of 1:55.7. After that, there was considerable poolside talk about the historic confrontation coming up between Schollander and Spitz in the 100-meter free-for-all, but it turned out to be the least-historic confrontation of the swim season. Spitz had been assuring interviewers that he could not bring himself to take it seriously. "It's all a joke to me," he said. "I've proved what I can do, and I'm on the team." Schollander did not talk about it at all and, before the event, they both yawned repeatedly. In the race, while they both were looking the other way, two intent young men came along and beat the black and blue swimsuits off both of them.

First came Zachary Zorn, who is 21, 190 pounds and might be able to beat any freestyler in the world by just stretching out to his full 6' 4" in the pool, and then Ken Walsh, who swims very fast in a straight line, climbs out and puts on a pair of gold-rimmed eyeglasses to see which end of the pool it is. Zorn and Walsh finished in 52.58 and 53.03—records, of course. Spitz hung on for third place, but Schollander was back there in fifth behind a New Jersey flash named Stephen Rerych. Everyone was gentlemanly about the upset, particularly Schollander, who clearly would have done better but for a bad start.

Schollander, who had caught, passed and beaten Zorn in a heat that morning, simply shrugged. "When I saw I wasn't catching Zorn tonight I knew I was in trouble," he said. "Because of that performance I will now swim only two events in Mexico instead of five. Certainly, you have to feel disappointed. In my own mind, I always felt I had a chance for five gold medals. No, it

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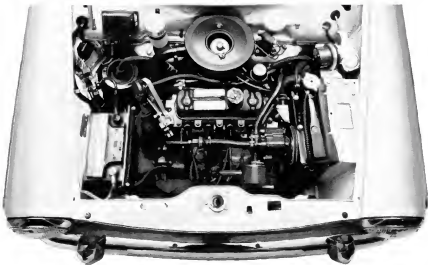
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wasn't bad luck. It was just a bad swim."

There was, of course, a grand finale. The pending world record in the 1,500 meters was 16:28.1, a mark set last July by Mexico's Guillermo Echevarria. But here came Mike Burton, of UCLA by way of South Carolina.

Burton headed for a record from the start, pulling away from the pack and handling the affair as though it were a sprint. At the 400-meter mark he was swinging along at 4:13.2, which beat Schollander's 1964 Olympic record; he swam through 800 meters in 8:34.3, knocking off the world mark; at the finish, cutting swiftly through a bedlam of screams, he was clocked in 16:08.67—almost 20 seconds ahead of Echevarria. "And that," murmured Haines, "ought to take care of the allowance for altitude when we get to Mexico."

At the end, wearing natty shades of brown and yellow and his purposeful, man-with-a-mission look, Haines had a 38-man crew that seems unbeatable—on paper or in the water. He stood within a tight circle of newsmen, all of them trying to get him to count up all those cinch Olympic medals. Cautiously, the most optimistic thing Haines would permit himself was a small smile and the comment, "We have a chance to sweep a number of events."

Would Spitz go for not five, but six medals? Haines looked tempted, but he would not commit himself. "We have been talking about it," he said, "the other coaches and I. We have discussed whether he should go in the 100-meter freestyle. The events at the Games seem well enough spaced to handle it. But we don't want to race him if we have some fresh boys sitting around, ready to go."

With that, the perfect swimmers, all evenly formed, uniformly tanned, the little sparkles glinting off their teeth, went into secret drills. Terrible perils lay ahead: the change of altitude, thin air, thick water—and the possibility of debilitating overconfidence between now and the time they swim. Haines would do well not to let any of his swimmers read a newspaper or magazine or watch television between now and the finals, for everyone is singing their praises. It is hard not to.

If all goes well, Haines can bring them to the line in shape. Then, "if our luck holds out," he says, "all we have to do is show them the door to the pool and they'll do the rest."

END

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A COWBOY NAMED DANDY DON

Don Meredith, the colorful Dallas quarterback, is dedicated to leading his team to the NFL championship and to having a good time at the next party—not necessarily in that order

BY EDWIN SHRAKE

The scene is at the mansion of John D. Murchison in Addison, Texas, a few miles north of Dallas, adjoining the grounds of the exclusive Preston Trail Golf Club. A party is in progress to celebrate the start of the first Byron Nelson Classic tournament. Although many guests are dancing to music by strolling musicians, others have already gone through the buffet line and are seated at their tables. A lady in a green dress approaches one table where a young man is eating with his pretty blonde wife and several friends.

LADY (*pointing finger at young man*): You have simply got to do something about this. I was out there all day today, and I didn't go once. Not once! Let me tell you, it wasn't because I didn't need to. But I will not use those things. They don't even have mirrors!

YOUNG MAN (*looking up*): Listen, ma'am, I'm sorry, but I don't have the slightest.

LADY: Those Porri-O-Sans.

YOUNG MAN: Those what?

LADY: Those toilets on the course. I can't bring myself to use one. I want you to go over there tomorrow and tell the guards to admit me to the clubhouse.

YOUNG MAN: But ladies are barred from the clubhouse. It's the rule.

LADY (*with force stare, pointing again*): You are Don Meredith, aren't you?

YOUNG MAN: Yes ma'am.

LADY: Don't tell me that *Don Meredith* doesn't know what to do about a *tilly* rule when he sees one. (*She whirls to join her group, then looks back*) I knew you would understand. You're not like the rest.

There is a notion, held by many, that Don Meredith (*see cover*) can do almost anything better than almost anybody else—from throwing a football to amending the rules of country clubs. Meredith tries to believe that himself, because his job requires a stupendous amount of confidence. One night last spring Pete Gent, a Dallas Cowboys pass receiver and close friend of Meredith, drove over to Mount Vernon in East Texas to have dinner with the quarterback, with Meredith's wife Cheryl and with Meredith's parents, Jeff and Hazel, who run a dry-goods store. Sitting in the living room after finishing the black-eyed peas, fried chicken, cream gravy, biscuits and pie, Gent began talking about basketball (he was a three-year varsity man at Michigan State). Don Meredith did not

continued

play basketball in college, although he once set a single-game scoring record of 52 points in the Dr Pepper High School tournament in Dallas.

"Jeff," said Gent, "there's one thing you have to admit."

"What's that?" Jeff said, reading the evening paper.

"Jeff," said Gent, "you have to admit I was a better basketball player than your son."

Jeff did not answer.

"You have to admit that," Gent said. "I was a better basketball player than your son."

"Maybe you were. On some days," said Jeff, turning the page.

The first game of bumper pool I ever played with Meredith at his home in Dallas, I beat him. Thereafter, I made a number of other mistakes, forgetting to knock his balls away from the pocket, missing shots, using poor strategy. But Meredith played carefully and won the next eight or nine games before I won another that I suspect he allowed me. "I wanted to make sure the first one was an upset," he said. A few weeks later Dave Marr, former PGA golf champion, was staying at Meredith's house, and when I walked into the den they were playing bumper pool. We were late for dinner. "This guy won't let us go until he's convinced he's a better player than I am," said Marr, laughing. "There's no such thing as a friendly game of bumper pool for me," Meredith said some time afterward. "Any game I play, I have to win. When Chiger [his wife] beats me at bumper pool, it kills me. And the little rascal is really good at it."

Don Meredith—also known as Dandy, Dandy Don, Slim, Joe Don (his real name), Joe Jim Dandy, Jim and Jammy, a variety of names that sometimes results in one teammate not knowing to whom another is referring—lives with Cheryl, their baby son Michael Shayne and a menagerie of animals, including a pet coyote called Lisa, in a house that belits the president of Don Meredith Incorporated, a new firm that handles his dozens of business ventures, endorsements and investments. It is the sort of house you might expect to see on a bus tour of the stars' homes in Beverly Hills, with the driver announcing: "On your right, behind that high iron fence with the big gates, you see the yellow, Spanish-style home built and first occupied by Vilma Banky in 1923, later used for exterior shots in the film *Sweet Boulevard* . . ."

Sprawled on a lawn chair beside his fountain, which shoots four colors of water, gazing at the ducks swimming on his semiprivate lake, which is stocked with bass, perch and catfish, gazing across at the "country home" of his neighbor—the fabled millionaire, Colonel D. Harold Byrd, who gave the world's biggest drum to the University of Texas band—Meredith recently was pondering how he came to occupy a house that has an elevator opening into the master bedroom, stained-glass windows, two balconies and more bathrooms than the Cotton Bowl.

"Everybody's got to live someplace, and I've wanted this place since 1956, when I was 18 years old," he said. "At the time I was dating a girl who lived down the road. I was getting \$10 a month from SMU on an athletic scholarship, and I'd look at this place and tell myself, 'No, Dandy, what would an East Texas boy do with something like that?' Then, on my 30th birthday [last April 10] I got very depressed. When some people are depressed they go out and drink a lot or eat a lot. When I'm depressed I buy something. So I bought the house, because your 30th birthday can get you down. I might have overdone it. But if I ever get rich, I'll be good rich. I'm too gregarious not to share it. I certainly wouldn't want to sit alone and count it."

It is difficult to imagine Meredith ever being by himself, although being alone is quite another matter. In the past three years—with a Playoff Bowl, two NFL championship games, two Pro Bowls and, in 1966, the Bert Bell Memorial Award as pro player of the year—he has become a celebrity rather than merely a well-known football player. He is instantly recognized on the streets in New York or Los Angeles. In Dallas he is followed by autograph hunters; his doorbell and telephone (the number of which Cheryl changes several times a year) constantly ring. Playing golf in a pro-am the day before the Byron Nelson Classic, Meredith drew as big a gallery as Jack Nicklaus or Arnold Palmer. Steve Perkins, pro football writer for the *Dallas Times Herald*, suggested the PGA should put Meredith on the tour to increase its crowds. Ralph Neady, the Cowboys' All-NFL offensive tackle, says, "He has leadership qualities you may find once in 10 million men. People get a kick out of being around him."

Cheryl is less than delighted with the demands made on her husband's time. She has one baby, another expected in January, the vast house and gardens to look after, as well as three schnauzers and a coyote, and she has had an untamable raccoon and an ocelot named Pepe that ran wild in the neighborhood—Marr calls Cheryl "Mrs. Do-little"—but she would like to see Meredith a bit more.

"We've been married six years," she says. "Really, it's only three, but every year seems like two years. The off season is a different year than the season. Both years are fast and hectic. I'm not really looking forward to Dandy quitting football. I used to think I was. But it won't be much different when he does. He'll get into something just as challenging. He'll still be gone all the time. He's got ants in his pants. In the off season, he's gone physically. During the season, he's gone mentally. He'll be sitting right beside me, but he's somewhere else. Sometimes he tells me he hates football, but I know he loves it. He says he doesn't like being a leader, accepting responsibilities, but I know he likes that, too, or he wouldn't do it."

From Mount Vernon—where he performed in one-act plays and served on the Future Farmers of America state championship shrub-judging team, as well as being an

outstanding athlete. Meredith found his way to Dallas and Southern Methodist University, and eventually to the Cowboys and a splendid manse, only after wavering between three other schools that might have sent him in very different, but perhaps equally successful, directions. Although his parents owned a farm, he was anxious to get the boy out of the country. Still, he was almost lured to Texas A&M, in barren College Station, by what he calls the "magnetic charm" of Bear Bryant. "I told him I wanted to throw the ball," says Meredith, "and he said, 'Son, if you can throw well enough to win games for us, we'll throw the ball all you please.' If he had been coaching anywhere but Texas A&M, I'd have gone with him." At the time Meredith thought he wanted to become either a preacher or a lawyer. The University of Texas law school had a powerful appeal. He also visited Texas Christian University, where his older brother, B.J., had been a quarterback. At TCU, Meredith was assured he could keep wearing his boots and Levi's and be as country as he wished. "But that wasn't my dream of college," he says. "I don't know exactly what I thought college would be. I had some vague picture of boy-girl relationships, stuff like that, and SMU seemed to be it. I didn't know what fraternities and sororities were. But I went through rush because I

wanted to go to college so much that I would do anything to get there a week early."

As a freshman, he was an outside linebacker in a defenseless SMU had seven quarterbacks, and Meredith was far down the line. But one quarterback signed a baseball contract, another was hurt, and Meredith kept moving up. He started against Texas as a sophomore, threw two passes for touchdowns and ran for another, as SMU won 19-12. From then on he was the SMU quarterback. He led the nation in passing that year, operating a rather free-lance offense that depended on Meredith's uncanny knack of avoiding tacklers—he is a very good runner for a quarterback—and his quick arm. "I sort of ran all over the place and then usually threw the ball. I hated regimentation," he says. It was during that period that Meredith began to divide the Dallas audience, some of them cheering madly for him, others claiming he was the worst thing that had happened to SMU athletics since the bleachers collapsed at old Owenby Stadium. "They all wanted another Doak Walker," he says. "To my mind, Doak Walker was at one place and the rest of us were at another. They were expecting me to be something I could never be."

Feeling as he did about regimentation, it was a pure

continued



The Merediths live in a Hollywood-type palace that includes a fountain with multicolored water, an elevator and stained-glass windows.

cold shock when he went to his first Dallas Cowboys camp in 1960 and began to work for Tom Landry. Clint Murchison Jr. had signed Meredith to a personal-service contract, and the Chicago Bears had drafted him to be traded to the Cowboys, who were just setting up in business. Meredith had also been drafted by the Dallas Texans (now the Kansas City Chiefs) of the AFL but says he did not ever receive a firm offer from Lamar Hunt.

"I was happy with that personal-service contract, anyhow," he says. "I never thought I could be a Unitas or Starr or Jurgensen, I mean as good as they are now, and I still don't, even with people telling me the last couple of years that I'm in their class. But then I never considered it. I knew with that personal-service contract I'd have a good job in the Murchison organization. So I went to camp. Landry is a hard person to get to know. Now I love him to death, but that first month I wasn't sure if I could take him.

"But I did feel I ought to be the Cowboy quarterback

right away, and it kind of hurt when they traded for Eddie LeBaron. Now I know that the guy who must have been upset the most was Don Heinrich, since he was a veteran and was counting on being the regular. But I thought I was supposed to step in immediately. Don and Eddie helped me a lot. LeBaron is a man I thoroughly respect. He got the most from his ability, and very few ever do that in any field."

The early years with the Cowboys were torturous. The players had some from the NFL's first expansion draft and from a few trades. The club did not participate in the college draft its first season, a tremendous handicap considering the bonus-pick treatment given the Minnesota Vikings the following year. LeBaron, Heinrich and Meredith were buried by pass rushers. Crowds at the Cotton Bowl—where Meredith is now playing for his 12th season counting the three at SMU, making him far more familiar to Dallas fans than any other man who has ever played there—became professional enough to start booing, and their target frequently was Meredith. For a while Landry used LeBaron and Meredith in a shuttle, alternating them every other play. Neither quarterback liked it. Meredith was resisting Landry's system of playing football and organizing people.

Finally Meredith became the starter in 1964 and endured a season that could have broken him. He had a list of injuries that would fill a page on a prescription pad. Playing with a weak team, he received erratic protection. He was splitting up with his first wife, Lynn, whom he had married at SMU, and was anguishing over losing custody of his daughter, Mary Donna. Although he is 6' 3", Meredith had always been frail, with very skinny legs, and the beatings he took on Sundays were painful even to watch. Grudgingly, some of the boos began to applaud. And gradually Meredith's teammates began to appreciate him.

A friend was telling him, then, about some experiences riding in country rodeos as a teen-ager. "One night I was thrown off a bareback bronc, and I lay in the dirt, not scared and not especially hurting but knowing there was no reason in the world why I should ever ride a wild horse again," the friend said.

"I know how you felt," Meredith said. "I know exactly. Sometimes when I'm lying on the ground at Yankee Stadium or someplace, and some guy like Sam Huff is pounding my poor thin body, I tell myself, 'Dandy, why did you ever take this up as a career? Why don't you get a decent job? You're too nice a person for this to be happening to, Dandy. Why don't you go back to East Texas where you belong? Let the other fellows play football. You don't need it.'"

Now, looking back at that 1964 season, Meredith says, "It did hurt. It hurt a lot. People kept saying, 'How can the kid do it?' They talked about me having great courage. I'll admit I liked getting that sympathy. But it wasn't really a matter of courage as much as of determination.

continued



Even with his wife Cheryl, Meredith plays bumper pool for keeps.

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Nobody is going to beat me. I knew if I didn't get up they would have beaten me. I couldn't stand the thought of that."

By 1965 Meredith was emerging as a team leader at last. But he slipped in a puddle of water in the hall of the training-camp dormitory that summer, fell and hurt his right shoulder and elbow. "I was missing my passes by six inches to a foot," he says. "That doesn't sound like much, but it's too much." The Cowboys won their first two games that season. "I didn't throw well, but I was playing well. At least, we won," says Meredith. St. Louis beat the Cowboys in the third game. "A guy dropped a pass that would have won it for us, but I missed five receivers who were open for touchdowns. You're not an NFL quarterback if you do that. So I was benched." Rookies Craig Morton and Jerry Rhyme took over at quarterback. Dallas lost three more games. In the seventh game Meredith started again, and the Cowboys lost their fifth in a row. "That was against Pittsburgh," he says. "The worst game I ever played in my life. I wasn't throwing bad, but everything else was bad. I was trying so hard. After the game I saw Tom Landry cry. He wasn't crying so much about the game as he was crying about me. He had been fair, more than fair, to his mind, and he wanted so much for me to do well, and I was awful. I'm no good at pep talks, but I got up in the locker room, that dismal locker room at Pittsburgh. The players had their heads down, couldn't do anything, couldn't remember how to take off their uniforms. I told them I was going to work harder and we were going to win."

Landry was not so sure of that. Sunday night, all day Monday and Monday night he tried to make a decision. "I had to think about it a long time," Landry says. "Meredith's career with us was in the balance. We had spent five years on him. Now did we want to junk it all and go with rookie quarterbacks? It's tough to start all over. I never had any real doubts about Meredith's ability. My only doubt was if he could stand up physically through an entire season and win a championship."

On Tuesday, Landry called Meredith into his office. "I didn't know what the word would be, but of course I was going to try and take it like a man," says Meredith. "You know, be cool no matter what. So Tom looked at me and said, 'Don, you're my quarterback. I believe in you.' And we both started crying again."

"That decision pleased a lot of players," says Frank Clarke, a Cowboy receiver for eight years. "We had come to understand the pressures on a quarterback, and we knew sticking with one would remove some of the uncertainty Meredith had to be our leader. He used to be thinking, 'It'll come.' Then he found out it was here already, and he had to do something with it."

Since that Landry decision in midyear of 1965, the Cowboys have a 22-10-1 record in regular-season games. They won five of their last seven in 1965, despite Meredith's



Coach Tom Landry, stuck by Meredith during critical 1965 season.

being hit so hard in the 13th game that he could not recognize old friends or remember teammates' names in the locker room. He fell in his New York hotel the following week and had to be hurried to the hospital for X rays of his skull. But the Cowboys finished second in the East. In 1966 Meredith stayed reasonably well, threw 24 touchdown passes while directing the league's best offense. The Cowboys won the East only to lose 34-27 to Green Bay in the NFL championship, failing to score from the two-yard line in the final minute of a game that Meredith has replayed many times in his mind.

Last year pain found Meredith again. He hurt his arm and shoulder in the exhibition season, twisted a knee and had his nose broken by a fist that got past the face bar. After the first Redskins game, which Dallas won on a 36-yard Meredith pass to Dan Reeves with 10 seconds to play, Cheryl called an ambulance to their home, and he was put into the hospital with pneumonia. He lost more than 20 pounds and was extremely ill, isolated in a room with a sign on the door warning hospital personnel to stay out and let him rest without bothering him for autographs. He missed three games. "Very few people realize how serious Meredith's condition was," Landry says. "An average man, even an above-average man, wouldn't

continued

have made it back on his feet for months, much less back to playing football. Courage is what did it. It was February before he ever felt good." The Cowboys, however, put together a 9-5 record, won their second Eastern title and again lost to Green Bay (21-17) when the Packers scored on a quarterback sneak in the last few seconds on a frozen field with the temperature 13° below zero. "I can't describe how cold it was. All I can say is it hurt just to breathe," says Meredith. After the game, Meredith and Bart Starr went on the Johnny Carson show. Carson asked whether the Packers would have had time for another play if the quarterback sneak had not been successful, and Starr replied that he didn't know. "You wouldn't have," Meredith said, as though ice was still cracking on his face. "You sure wouldn't have."

"That field was so bad," Meredith says. "We thought we had an advantage in our speed, our quickness, our multiple formations. We had studied hard and knew what to do. Suddenly we couldn't do anything we had done all season. Our game plan was gone down the ice."

This season, having signed a new three-year contract, Meredith reported a week early to a motel near the Cowboy camp in Thousand Oaks, Calif., while an impending player strike was being settled. Meredith was somewhat

overweight from a practice of reordering entire Tex-Mex dinners at Casa Dominguez, a Dallas restaurant owned by his friend, Pete Dominguez, and from high living at such places as Majorca—where he went to pose for Janzen ads—Palm Springs, Reno and other comfortable wateringholes to which his enterprises took him between January and July. At camp he went on a severe diet and stopped smoking cigarettes at the same time, an undertaking which caused him to look a bit crazed. Landry had decreed that Meredith should play at 200 pounds or less, five pounds under his weight of last season. The idea is that Meredith, who like the other Cowboys is on a continual weight-lifting and isometrics program from training camp until the last game, will be more alert and nimble, and maybe more enduring.

"Landry thinks, and Meredith agrees, that we have been lacking a little something extra in the fourth quarter," says Ralph Neely, a Dallas tackle. "The way to get it is to work harder. Meredith is setting the example. He nearly ran my legs off the first week we were out here, before camp started. Some days I'll be draggy and tired, and I see him working hard. That makes me think if he can do it, I can do it. So I work hard, too. If we are going to win the championship this year, he's the man who will do it for us. He's the leader. If he comes into the huddle and calls a triple reverse, there's not a man in our starting offensive lineup who doesn't believe it's the greatest play anybody ever thought of. He's got authority. In our pre-season game with Chicago this year, a linebacker smashed him. He came to the huddle and said, 'O.K., let's cut that out; I'm not going to put up with it,' and we kept that linebacker away. The kind of offense we have if we're going good will average about four yards per rush, and if we're going bad we'll average less than two. On those bad days, Meredith is the one who keeps us together."

Cowboy President Tex Schramm has been in intimate contact with Meredith for the past eight years—not always to their mutual satisfaction—and has watched his quarterback go through the rather bruising process of growing up, by which Schramm would mean at least partially conforming, coming around to accepting the Landry way. "It's easy to say Meredith has matured. But what form does that take?" says Schramm. "When he first came to us he thought if we just gave him the ball he would find somebody and throw it to him. That's how he played, and that's how he approached life. The significant thing is that now he understands there must be a plan and a reason, and it's reflected in both his life and his football playing. He's planning for the future, making investments with a purpose. He hasn't totally accepted what we tell him or completely disciplined himself to what needs to be done, but he recognizes what we mean. Little by little, the self-discipline will come; he'll see that he does have certain weaknesses—one being his physical makeup—and to be a success, to attain what he wants, he has to work at it."

continued

At SMU, Meredith had a knack of outstepping tacklers—usually



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DANDY DON *continued*

year he has stopped many of his performances and personal appearances beyond his radio and TV shows and a few other things in order to concentrate more on his job.

"Meredith has plenty of self-doubts," Schramm says. "That's probably the reason for the finger-snapping facade he puts up. That facade is not his real nature." Schramm laughs. He is fond of Meredith though often exasperated by him, a game they both understand. "What Meredith should be is a singer or something where he can do what he wants to excel in without having to do the practice."

Singers, of course, do have to practice. But the fact is, Meredith might have been a professional singer by now except that he is not all that good at it. He toured for a time in a show with Roger Miller and Molly Bee and found the routine disappointing. "I woke up one morning and said, 'Self, they didn't raise you to make a living in this business,'" he says. But he will sing anytime, anywhere. You can usually hear him coming—the strong and slightly nasal voice racketing out tunes like *God Made Me A Black Land Farmer*, *He'll, Wall, With a Little Help From My Friends* and *The Biggest Fool That Ever Hit the Big Time*, mixing in an occasional rock 'n' roll or soul song. Willie Nelson, the country-and-western singer and composer, is among the friends who have stayed at Meredith's house. Meredith once made a record called *Them That Ain't Got It Can't Lose*. However, Meredith will sing any sort of music. A few years ago we went into Astr's, a Manhattan restaurant where waiters and customers leap up and bellow opera. Meredith was going to test himself against that crowd, but I collided with a waiter carrying a tray-load of dinners, and after the crash and the yelling we decided opera was not in Meredith's line, anyhow. There is no doubt that show business is, or could be. Meredith has been offered the leads in two new television series. Seeing him at The Daisy or La Scala or The Factory in Los Angeles, you would pick him out as a young actor.

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"Meredith just doesn't enjoy practice," says Schramm. "I don't imagine he even spends any time on the practice tee at golf. When the season starts, he'll work hard. But not in April. If he would work for three months in the spring throwing sideline passes to a receiver, there's little limit to what a great quarterback he would be. But Don resents any attempt to change him.

"When you've got your future riding on one guy, a quarterback, you like to have him be a little serious," Schramm says. "You say be dedicated, pay the price, and he says I'm not Bart Starr. I'm Don Meredith. Well, we know we'll never make Don Meredith into Bart Starr. They're different personalities. Starr is the epitome of a hardworking, dedicated athlete. Meredith is like a Babe Ruth or a Bobby Layne. If Starr is Stan Musial, Meredith is Mickey Mantle. I understand that, but sometimes I get annoyed at his flippancy. Last spring I told him he had to join the adult world. He got mad and stormed out of my office. The next day he came back and said, 'I'm not gonna join your adult world. I'll live in my world and you live in yours.'" Schramm is laughing again as he thinks about it.

"Like most athletes, Meredith has an inner fear that when he quits playing, people won't like him so much," says Schramm. "All his investments are defensive, so he won't ever have to be dependent on anyone or ever be poor. It would destroy him to have to be dependent on somebody. He's his own worst enemy, but he knows that. He knows when he's not doing things right. He's tougher on himself than others are on him. But what he doesn't understand is that if he worked harder and became as complete a quarterback as Unitas or Starr, he'd make 10 times as much money as they do. Because of Meredith's personality, he'd make Unitas and Starr look like pennies."

Meredith enjoys being the sensitive poet-clown-athlete touched by sadness and danger. He will do his imitations—a flamingo, a lighthouse, a lighthouse with a snake in it, a cow, a pig—and then will suddenly become very grave.

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DANDY DON *continued*

almost morose, but still be smiling, talking about the most desperate matters as if he understood they were absurd and would eventually wind up as nothing. "He has these periods of intense honesty," says Pete Gent, "when he gets you aside and tells you at length what all is wrong with him." One thing Meredith has wondered about—apart from the usual jokes after a bad day when line-backers have dared him, ends and tackles have fallen heavily on him and cornerbacks have caught his passes and brought them back in a direction he never intended—is why he plays professional football. Money alone is never the answer. "Money is part of it," Meredith says. "But I guess the main reason has something to do with masculinity. Proving your manhood. This is a very masculine game. It's hard to do that frontier stuff anymore, fording rivers and so forth, but this game sort of occupies that place for me. I've met a lot of professional athletes, and they're all pretty much alike. Some may be artists, some may be animals, some may be gentlemen, some may cross you out, but they've all got something in common—coordinated bodies, love of competition, this feeling for proving themselves. I really like this game. I need it. I must love it, or Lord knows I wouldn't be playing it. I'm certainly not a sports fan. In the last eight years I haven't seen 10 athletic events that I wasn't playing in. I don't read about sports in the papers as a regular thing, except that I know a lot of golfers and like to check and see how they're doing now and then."

When his footballing is finished—his contract expires after the 1970 season, but he may decide to keep going another couple of years—Meredith figures to be a moderately wealthy man, perhaps more than that. With two partners he has bought a 2,300-acre South Texas ranch with a landing strip. He has prospered in the stock market overall, has some oil properties, is involved in several businesses, is about to become a partner in a big Dallas restaurant called Dandy's, has a variety of television offers to select from (he would

continued

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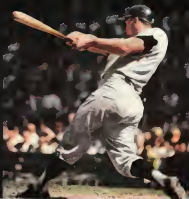
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A major pioneer of canoeing for sport was a romantic Scot named John Macgregor. Before his time (roughly a hundred years ago), the canoe was a craft for Indians, Eskimos and explorers of the world's wildernesses. In canoes of his own design Macgregor made remarkable journeys and wrote quaintly beautiful books about them. The books caught on with sportsmen on both sides of the Atlantic and started a vogue for pleasure canoeing, races and all, that has lasted to this day.

Macgregor's canoes were always named *Rob Roy*; after Rob Roy Macgregor, the Scottish hero-outlaw, with whom he had a strong affinity, gentle and religious though he was. (John Macgregor's way of taking from the rich to help the poor was to work in philanthropic organizations.)

In 1865 Macgregor launched his first canoe, which he had built to his own design. It was essentially a kayak with covered decks and made of oak faced with cedar. Fifteen feet long, it was 28 inches across and nine inches deep—just big enough for this 168-pound sportsman to squeeze into. It weighed 80 pounds and was equipped with a bamboo mast (which could be used as a fishing pole) and a bright blue sail. Macgregor spent five months cruising around Western Europe, down the major rivers (the Rhine, the Danube, the Seine) and through the Swiss lakes. The next year he published a delightful book about his experiences, *A Thousand Miles in the Rob Roy Canoe on the Rivers and Lakes of Europe*. Among sportsmen, it became perhaps the most talked of book of the year. Until then the canoe had been something exotic, like a wigwag; but now it seemed within anyone's reach, and canoe clubs sprang up in cities like London and New York.

He took a second trip, through Scandinavia, and then in 1868 he loaded a new and lighter form of the *Rob Roy* on a steamer and set off for the Suez Canal and the remotest parts of the Holy Land. Here, as he boasted in his book *The Rob Roy on the Jordan*, for six months he took the "smallest boat ever seen in the East" and saw sights "entirely inaccessible except in canoe."

He started his trip by floating down the newly opened canal. At night he pulled the *Rob Roy* up on the bank, first searching about to make sure there

The Log of a Quaint Canoeist

A 19th century Scotsman named John Macgregor turned the workaday craft of the Indians into a boat for the sportsman by MARY EVANS

were no murderers lurking near (the area had a bad reputation), after which he made a sparse supper of bouillon, bread and wine. His canoe had been built to fit around his reclining form so that he could sleep in it. He removed a section of the deck to give his knees room, stretched out under a netting and read himself to sleep with a copy of the *London Times*.

From the Suez he crossed by train to Cairo; then on up the Nile. His average rate of paddling was only 4 mph. The canoe, sometimes, had to be lugged on or behind a horse.

After his Egyptian explorations, Macgregor moved on to Lebanon.

In the mountains of Lebanon he launched his craft in the River Abana, which started off rather like a Scottish trout brook. This he got down safely, though he discovered that his canoe had been better designed for sleeping than for running rapids. In Damascus people warned him not to try to go any further down the Abana. Beyond, down the river, lay "an impenetrable morass full of whirlpools which sucked people down, and hyenas, panthers and wild boars which ate people up."

This was just what Macgregor had come for. He wanted to go, in his impossibly fragile craft, where no one else had dared venture. He set off down the Abana, the first part of which he found agreeably scenic. Then he reached the great marshes and morasses where the ancient river came to a clogged stop.

He was about to explore an area quite closed to any other existing craft. The 20-foot reeds of the marsh closed over his head. Letting himself drift along with the sluggish current, poling and pushing his way through the thick reeds, he came to the absolute end of the river. When he stuck his pole down, the mud did not even stir. The famous "whirlpools" that were said to drag men down were bottomless still holes in the mud. Nothing

seemed to move. Macgregor rested and ate a sumptuous lunch, all the while meditating on his unique position of being where absolutely nothing was happening.

Somehow, with the help of calico straps he had tied to the reeds, he found his way out again and continued his exploration of the nearby morasses—there were quite a few, all of them uncharted—always trying to keep safely inside his canoe.

After exploring the soggy marshes of the Abana River, he had his canoe carried over more mountains and then set off to follow the Jordan River to its mouth. He was working out a new and elegant way of steering around a serpentine bend when an astonished Arab popped up from the reeds and ran off to summon his fellows.

Soon at every loop of the river stood crowds of shouting Arabs heaving clouds of mud at him as he swept past. Some leaped into the river and swam after him. Macgregor whacked his paddle on the water, splashing the nearest swimmers, then pulling away in the confusion. One strong swimmer managed to get the canoe tucked under his arm, but Macgregor pried him off with his paddle and floated on.

When the swimmers failed to stop this alarming intruder, the local people brought out their germen, one of whom posted himself in a good position at a bend of the river, with his rifle cocked. The crowd fell silent. Macgregor considered what to do. The gunman was less than 20 feet away. Escape was impossible; to show fear fatal. "The clear round black of the muzzle end followed me covering as I passed. I stared right at the man's eyes, and gave one powerful stroke; at the same moment he fired—flit, bang! and a splash of the bullet in the water behind me. I stopped and said, 'Not fair to use a gun.'" Later on, a native pleased him by protesting, "Not fair to use a paddle!"

continued



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Quaint Canoeist *continued*

Canoeismanship had saved him for the moment, but only for a moment. Soon the water was swarming with would-be captors, one of whom at last succeeded in getting a firm grasp of the canoe's bow. Macgregor turned to the crowd, using his few words of Arabic to express his profound international friendship, all the while affectionately patting the heads of the swimmers clustering around the canoe. He refused to get out of the canoe, so the Arabs picked him up, canoe and all, and carried him to the tent of their sheik. Macgregor insisted he and the canoe be honored by a place inside the tent; and not until this was done did he consent to stir. The boat procession and the unshakable dignity of the Scotsman as he was borne aloft struck the crowd as funny, and their anger and fear diminished.

Macgregor tricked the sheik into tasting some English salt (by desert law, two persons having shared salt were sealed in friendship). To further seal the matter, a feast was held, the sheik offering a delicious couscous, Macgregor taking out of his store a roast chicken, tea and almonds and raisins, white bread and rice pudding.

Macgregor was allowed to go on with his journey, though there were still many dangers to come. Many of the Arabs would not accept him and considered his canoe a good rifle target. Macgregor once disposed of a bothersome rifle barrel trained at him from a few feet away by pushing it aside with his handy paddle.

He safely completed his tour of the Holy Land, meditating on the meaning of the ancient sites and complaining about the haste with which American tourists swept through the old cities. This was the last of his great canoe trips, but it was only the beginning of sport canoeing. By 1871 New York had its own canoe club, some of whose members went in for lonely voyages in the American wilderness. Other disciples, however, worked on the *Rob Roy* design to improve it for open-water sailing, these swift sailing canoes eventually became extremely popular for racing, particularly in the 1890s. But for Macgregor the point of canoeing was not speed or competition (he would think that emphasis terribly American). A canoe was simply a way for a man to be more himself, and to travel where otherwise only his imagination could go.

END

MISSISSIPPI GULF COAST

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

NATIONAL LEAGUE

With 31 THURS (4-1) returning to Busch Stadium to open its last major home stand against the Giants, Manager Red Schoendienst said, "We'd like to sew up the pennant during this stretch. The home fans really deserve it." But second-place SAN FRANCISCO (5-3), its pennant chances reduced to a mathematical absurdity, gleefully ruined the homecoming, sweeping three straight from the defending champs as Juan Marichal gained his 25th win of the season and Frank Lirio came out of the bullpen to record two saves. With a converted third baseman pitching for PUEBLO (5-3) and a converted pitcher playing third for LOS ANGELES (6-1), both teams enjoyed their best weeks since July. The Phillies' convert, right-hander Jerry Johnson, defeated the Reds in his first major league complete-game win. For the Dodgers, Bill Sudakis, who had pitched in El Paso the day before he moved up to the majors, became the 36th man to play third since the team moved west in 1958. He gave promise—at least for now, of becoming the man who will solve the old Dodger dilemma, closing a homer in his first game and averaging .564 for the week. PITTSBURGH'S (5-2) Willie Stargell, who enjoyed instant insight when he donned gloves earlier this year, suddenly went 1 for 25 at bat as his depth perception all but disappeared. Swinging back to naked eyes, the Pirate slugger unloaded his 12nd homer of the year to account for a 3-2 win. ATLANTA (5-2) shifted Henry Aaron to first, making room in the outfield for rookie Mike Lum, who promptly responded with a two-run, game-winning homer. After CHICAGO (4-4) lost one game when the hitters twice failed to drive in runners from third with just one out, Manager Leo Durocher re-

vamped his lineup in hopes of preventing similar collapses. Sadly, the hoped-for cure fizzled as the Cubs lost again. They left 12 runners stranded and failed to take advantage of a bases-loaded opportunity with the score tied in the eighth inning. After three unsuccessful tries, ace rookie left-hander Jerry Koosman of NEW YORK (2-5) gained his 17th victory to become the biggest winner in Mets' history. Opposing batters finally caught up with CINCINNATI'S (2-6) two most reliable pitchers, Relievers Clay Carroll and Ted Abernathy. They were rapped for four losses while allowing nine runs in 18 innings. HOUSTON (3-6), which was challenging for sixth just a week ago, scored only 14 runs, averaged just .206 and fell back to within one game of the cellar.

Standings: BR 30 55 SF 29-48 Cin 25-49, Det 25-51, MI 21-51, PHI 20-51, Pitt 20-51, Sea 15-55, NY 15-51, LA 14-50

AMERICAN LEAGUE

"He's fantastic, he's the best, and No. 2 isn't even close," said Infielder Tom Tresh of NEW YORK (6-2) Manager Ralph Houk. With the Yankees the hottest team in the league over the last month it is easy to account for Tresh's enthusiasm. Most of the Yankees' success, however, can be credited to Houk's talented young pitching staff. Last week in a doubleheader baseball's lightest-hitting team (.211 season average) finally came to the hurriers' and when it turned on the Senators with 26 runs and 27 hits to move into a tie for fifth. Denny McLain picked up two more victories for DETROIT (5-3) to become the first pitcher since the Phil's Robin Roberts in 1952 to win 28 games. With BOSTON'S (4-3) Carl Yastrzemski off on a .381 tear with three homers and National League castoff Ray Culp win-

ning, the Red Sox maintained a solid hold on third place. Last year when Al Dark managed the Athletics, Blue Moon Olson felt he was not given a fair chance to pitch. Now the ace of the OAKLAND (5-3) staff, Olson was glowing about his sweet revenge last week as he shut out Dark's new team, CLEVELAND (3-4), for the third time in five starts this season. That loss stopped the Indians just when it looked like their hitting was coming on strong. In the three previous games they had rolled up a 20-9 scoring advantage over the Angels by bashing out 41 hits. WASHINGTON (3-6) almost moved out of the cellar with three consecutive wins over CHICAGO (4-5), but the White Sox staved off that threat with a three-game streak of their own. Two of the victories came in extra innings with Tommy McNew winning one with a 14th-inning squeeze bunt and Buddy Bradford the other with an 11th-inning homer. A 500 week for BALTIMORE (4-4) probably cost Manager Earl Weaver his dream of a pennant for the Orioles, but that was not the only expense. During one loss, Weaver used some unkind words on Umpire Larry Napp and was fined approximately \$100. MINNESOTA (3-4) may have come up with the gack of the crop of late-season rookies in Graig Nettles, a 24-year-old outfielder-third baseman who has led every minor league he has played in in homers. After five games with the Twins, Nettles averaged .333 with four homers and a double. Another rookie, this time in from the bullpen instead of up from the farm, gave CALIFORNIA (2-5) its only bright spot. The new pitcher is Andy Messersmith, who pitched a two-hit shutout in his first start.

Standings: Det 30-24 Bal 23-51, Bos 22-57, Cin 20-51, NY 17-55, Oak 14-51, Sea 15-55, Cal 13-52, Chi 11-54, Wash 10-57

HIGHLIGHT

As Baltimore left-hander Dave McNally was finishing his warm-ups as Catcher Andy Etchebarren one day during spring training this year, he jokingly yelled, "Short curve, Andy," and threw a ball that he had held slightly off center. He was astonished to hear Etchebarren call back, "Great slider, Dave." The Orioles' \$60,000 bonus pitcher had had a slider once, but strangely he had lost it almost six years earlier when he was playing at Elmer. Even though the abrupt disappearance of the pitch did not prevent McNally from moving up to the majors when he was just 26, it did stop him from winning more than 13 games in any of his five big-league seasons. "In all those years," said the 3'11", 195-pound Meridian, "I couldn't make the hitters swing at my curve because they knew I'd even-

ually pour my fastball in. Now I can keep them off balance with the slider." That is something of an understatement. Since the All-Star Game, McNally has started 15 times, has yet to lose and has set a team record of 12 straight wins, one of them a victory over Chicago last week which ran his season's mark to 20-0. If his teammates had averaged more than 1-4 runs a game in his eight losses over the first half of the season, McNally might be up with Detroit's Denny McLain challenging for 30 wins. During his streak, the Orioles have scored five runs a game and he has hardly hindered himself by hitting three home runs, one a grand slam. McNally is mystified by his batting outburst, but Manager Earl Weaver is not surprised at his pitching. "McNally," he says, "is the best lefty in the league. You look for him to win every time he goes out. He could win 20 every year."



McNALLY SLIDING TO THE TOP

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

RICKOFF

Sirs:

My congratulations to Tex Maule and *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* for the article *My Other Name* (Sept. 2). It gives new hope for the Packers, and I am sure they will be the champs again. The photographs were just great.

ROBERT E. PAZIK

Thompsonville, Conn.

• Football expert Tex Maule has some other ideas (page 75). —ED.

BIG AND ASKED

Sirs:

I read Mark Mulvey's article about sore-armed pitchers (*Sore Spots in a Big-arm Year*, Aug. 26) with interest, but I have a question. What has management purchased for its \$100,000? It would seem, the way Mr. Mulvey expresses the sentiment, that management does not have the right to use that most valuable pitching arm to win ball games.

Surely, if that arm was only to be trained and coddled throughout the season, if it was not to be called on to exercise some of its authority (which had demanded such a high sum), a much lesser amount would have been offered in the first place.

A player must certainly have the right to decline such an offer and propose one of his own that he be trained and brought along slowly, with proper precaution taken for his longevity, and that he be given a salary commensurate with his worth to the club under that arrangement.

However, the right also remains for a player to sell his unknown future for an amount sufficiently high to appeal to him now.

J. MITCHELL MCCURTAIN

Lubbock, Texas

HAWK-EYES

Sirs:

There has been a continuous discussion at our home relative to the distribution of brains between baseball players and football players. The diffist side contends that baseball players have been blessed with an abundance of said commodity. I refute this, saying that without brains you could not play football, thus, the greater abundance dwells under football helmets.

Your cover picture of Ken Harrelson (Sept. 2), with his coveralls and dog tag, inconceivably makes me the winner.

DAN O'CONNOR

Chelmsford, Mass.

Sirs:

Your readers can hardly be blamed if they mistake that issue of *SI* adorned by fish-

on plate Ken Harrelson for the *Gentlemen's Quarterly*. A mystery remains, however, when a man who owns 150 suits appears unable to afford a haircut.

E. J. (BUD) SMITH

Camden, N. J.

Sirs:

I have been reading *SI* for about two years and I think it's a great magazine, but I was mad about the Ken Harrelson cover. It should have been an action photo. Remember, this is a sports magazine, not a fashion one.

BARRY BLUM

Bayside, N. Y.

Sirs:

Would it be possible to obtain a copy of the picture of Ken Harrelson as it appears on your cover? You see, I attend college out of state, and all winter I'm trapped in a dormitory with scores of better Yankee fans. I need something to carry me through.

TOM MOLLOY

Boston

P.S. Please wrap the picture carefully, we can't afford any more injuries.

Sirs:

Ken Harrelson may be impressed by the fact that, upon my buying your "Hawk" issue, the man at the newsstand glanced at it and asked me what Richard Burton was doing on the cover of *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*.

My my, if the Hawk looks like Richard Burton when he wears a Nehru jacket, think what one would do for Carl Yastrzemski!

LORENAINE MARAMAKO

Simsbury, Conn.

Sirs:

Your article on Ken Harrelson (*Hawk Baby Is Big in Boston*) was one of the best I have ever read in *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*. It truly portrayed one of the most exciting and vital personalities in all of sports. Ken is the greatest thing to happen to Boston sports since Ted Williams. I believe he is the key to the 1969 pennant.

ERIC MENAGE

Groton, Mass.

TOUCH OF MINK

Sirs:

Thank you very much for the article *Jet Age Slow Brew* (Aug. 26). Too many people condemn Joe Namath, and these people don't even know him. Why can't people also take into consideration the fact that Joe leaves his furs in the locker room and goes through a lot of pain to play? I just wish people would look at

both sides of Joe Willie before knocking him. He ain't bad, after all.

SUSAN CURRAN

East Orange, N. J.

Sirs:

Joe Willie Namath in mink coat and slacks with stripes that don't match? Oh, well.

MRS. R. VANFARMER

Schenectady, N. Y.

NO MUSTARD, PLEASE

Sirs:

I have just read Mr. Curry Kirkpatrick's description of the Westchester Classic Golf Tournament (*Julie Bury a Bomb*, Aug. 26). In it he undermines the strength of the field in our major events such as the National PGA Championship. He states that the PGA Championship is an event "where club pros from all over annually seem to have nothing more than a hot dog, beer and mischevious reunion."

I'm one of those "hot dog" pros, the same pro who led the U.S. Open in San Francisco in 1966 with a first-round 67. I got a mention in *SI*, too. "A man named Al Mengert went out that first day, kept the ball in the fairway and shot a 67 to lead the field. An Al Mengert always leads the Open on the first day."

For Mr. Kirkpatrick to knock the class of the field for the 50th PGA certainly shows his lack of knowledge of the event. In the first place, all 10 of the leading money-winners listed in the article were there. Secondly, I'm the first to admit that I am a club professional and only play twice a week with my members and spend the rest of the time teaching them how to play. The PGA this year was my first 72-hole event on the tour in over a year. However, my 287 (six shots back of winner Julie Boros) included 41 putts on the last 20 holes, four three-putt greens and a ball in the water on the third round. It doesn't take much imagination to see that I had a chance to win.

I felt very fortunate to have been around at the finish, while Jack Nicklaus and Tom Weiskopf, second on the money-winning list at the time, had missed the cut. I finished ahead of a couple of other guys, too—namely, Trevino, Yancey, Luten, Snead and the defending champ, Don Janney.

I don't mean to beat my own drum, but because I chose a career in golf that would permit me to spend more time with my family while playing in a few events, I can't appreciate Mr. Kirkpatrick's disparaging remarks about club pros and their mischevious reunions.

AL MENGERT

The Tacoma Country & Golf Club
Tacoma, Wash.

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

UP FOR TRADES

Sirs:

I wish to make a trade with Frank Lane (*Would You Trade With This Man?* Aug. 26). My property is one red-headed baseball nut who sits glued to the TV set from the time the first pitch has been thrown until the last out has been called. During the season this person can quote *everybody's* batting average, but he forgets my birthday, doesn't speak, doesn't listen, eats his meals while balancing them on his knees, and so on, for fear of hospitalization, blocks his view. To present my case more clearly I spent my honeymoon at the World Series!

Yes, Mr. Lane, you and I have certainly had our problems. You solved yours, so, now how about working on mine?

JAN KYLIE

Forest Park, Ohio

CURT AND WILLIE

Sirs:

Having been to the Chicago-St. Louis game in which Curt Flood made the great catch that was displayed on the August 19 cover of SI, I thought that I should defend your selection of Mr. Flood as baseball's best centerfielder. Mr. Jim Simon (*19TH HOLE*, Sept. 2) wrote to you saying that Flood's catch was a technically bad one and that Willie Mays would have made it easily. With all due respect to Mr. Mays, I doubt that he could have come near that ball on his aging legs.

The batter at the time was Cub Outfielder Billy Williams, who is an ultra-left-handed pull hitter. Most, if not all, of the league's centerfielders play Williams in right centerfield, as did Flood in this case. The ball was hit on a low trajectory toward straight-away center field, as was shown in the picture. What the picture could not show, however, was Flood's great jump on the ball or his tremendous speed and recklessness as he streaked for the wall.

I hope that Mr. Simon will now be willing to submit to the fact that Curt Flood, and not Willie Mays, is baseball's premier centerfielder.

JOE HAKES

Whateon, Ill.

Sirs:

Several letters in the September 2 issue of SI suggest that your appraisal of Curt Flood was inaccurate. Willie Mays is the greatest centerfielder baseball has ever known. Comparing their careers, Mays and Flood aren't in the same class, by any means. But be realistic, Flood craves. Over the last two years, with Flood in his prime and Mays past it, Curt has been the better ballplayer. Idiots die hard.

GREG SMITH

St. Louis

DR. FAGER'S RECORD

Sirs:

Your issue of September 2 was a most disappointing one and tended to confirm my doubts about the mission of your magazine. My complaint began to take form when Whitney Tower—or whoever gives him his assignments—chose to ignore Dr. Fager's defeat of Damascus in the Suburban Handicap on July 4. In your issue of July 29 Billy Reed reported, in a very interesting story, Damascus' win over Dr. Fager in the Brooklyn Handicap. I began to take hope.

Now Dr. Fager has set the world record for the mile, winning by 10 lengths while carrying 134 pounds, and we find Mr. Tower at Saratoga speculating about which of the unproven 2-year-olds might actually win the Belmont Stakes.

ROBERT B. HALL

New York City

NOT A FLOP

Sirs:

In Hugh Whall's report on the 5 1/2-meter Olympic trials (*Don't Lower the Boats, Just Move the Mast*, Aug. 26) it was mentioned that the elaborate mast tilter or flopper device used by Al Cassel in Saratoga looked as if it could have been built by flopping and might have cost \$10,000.

We would like your readers to know that the gimbling mast mover was designed and built by Sparcraft Corporation, a division of Challenge Marine, and that it is no way approached that cost.

The device worked perfectly and without fail throughout the trials. Unfortunately, Mr. Cassel's bid was not quite as successful as the mast mover.

DENNIS RIEGLER
General Manager
Sparcraft Corporation

Costa Mesa, Calif.

ARE LOSERS FAILURES?

Sirs:


Let us brush aside the debate as to whether it was Chief Justice Earl Warren or William Lyon Phelps or Nicholas Murray Butler who authored the remark about turning to the sports pages first, because the sports page records man's accomplishments whereas as the front page has nothing but man's failures.

While I am happy indeed that all three turned to the sports pages, I couldn't disagree more with their observation. Every single success story on the sports page is also the story of a failure. And in case of a jockey's success, there are half a dozen or more failures.

LUD SHABAZIAN
Sports Editor
Hudson Dispatch

Utton City, N.J.

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